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SIXPENCE.



Lord Russell. Mr. G. R. Askwith. Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P. Lord Justice Collins.

Sir Robert Reid, Q.C., M.P.

BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES AT THE VENEZUELA ARBITRATION COMMISSION IN PARIS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Can you imagine Ascot as the scene of a great political triumph? Suppose it were the custom of Ministers of the Crown to attend race-meetings, and suppose Lord Salisbury, while regaling himself at Kempton Park, had received the blow of a cane on his hat from some infuriated politician, and suppose he had bought a new hat and gone to Ascot, attended by the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief Commissioner of Police, all the knights and dames of the Primrose League, and a mighty concourse of citizens, shouting "Salisbury for ever!" and suppose police-stations had been improvised on the course, with a staff of magistrates to try rioters summarily, and plenty of Black Marins to convey them to jail. Would all this be a sore trial to the British Constitution, or would it simply demonstrate (to the grief of Dr. Joseph Parker) that the racecourse is the modern equivalent for Runnymede, where the liberties of England were so conspicuously asserted? In France it is part of the human comedy that the head of the State should be assaulted at one race-meeting and vindicated at another, what time a number of jockeys are straining towards the winning-post. At Chantilly a few weeks ago the chief race was won by a horse owned by a certain M. Gaston Dreyfus. The crowd looked at one another, and murmured, "Revision is sure!" At Longchamps, the Grand Prix was won by an English horse; but the crowd, instead of holding the President of the Republic responsible for this intrusion of the foreigner, cried "Vive Loubet!" and it was generally felt that the Republic had circumvented its enemies.

But alas for the gaiety of nations if horse-racing is to be a mere adjunct of politics! State interests will next devour the theatre. Dining at the Welcome Club at the Earl's Court Exhibition, instead of being a pleasant relaxation in the hot weather, will be a declaration of party principles. Members of my club, whose custom always of an afternoon is to play chess, will do it as an act of allegiance to this statesman or of defiance of that. Heaven help us when our harmless amusements turn Radical or Tory, and nobody can walk in the Row on Sunday morning without proclaiming some political animus!

If I were redile, as Max Beerbohm would say, I should propose to change the names of certain streets in this Metropolis. There are names which are obviously fitting. Piccadilly could never clamour for new baptism. The Strand would smell as odious by any other name; but its significance is almost piercing, for you can never walk the Strand without finding it strewn with the flotsam and jetsam which have seen better days. The descendants of the Regency bucks still saunter in Regent Street. I would draw your earnest attention, however, to Dover Street, Piccadilly, once a street full of noblemen's dwellings, but now occupied chiefly by clubs—ladies' clubs. The first club in this quarter that I ever stepped into was a small Bohemian haunt. Men in velvet jackets smoked huge pipes on the stairs—stairs which had upheld the fairy footsteps of duchesses! Ghosts of departed flunkies, with large calves, seemed to be mutely protesting against this plebeian outrage, and I gloomily quoted, "It is not, and it cannot come to good." It didn't; for that Bohemian haunt was soon wound up.

There is another club in Dover Street where a swimming-bath occupies what may have been erstwhile a banqueting-hall for Knights of the Garter. (I never look into the bath without wondering whether, if a K.G. should stroll in absently and be tempted to take a dip, he would keep his Garter on!) It is the ladies' clubs, however, which are giving Dover Street quite a new character, and suggest to me the propriety of changing its name. Dover was in harmony with the associations of the street in the days of old when barons held their sway, and Jeames let down the steps of the ducal barouche at any of these doors. (You must not ask me what there is especially aristocratic about Dover, for, if you think for a moment, you will see that it is indissolubly linked with Chatham, which is of unquestionable nobility.) But what has Dover to do with ladies' clubs? I put this question to the keen-witted secretary of one of these flourishing institutions, and she said, "True; suppose we call it Minerva Street?" "Hum!" I said doubtfully; "isn't that rather too severe?" "Well, Venus Street?" said she. "Do you think?" I said, "your mature members would like that address?" "I have it!" she cried. "We'll combine the two—Venerva Street!" "Wisdom and beauty in three liquid syllables," I responded with enthusiasm. Yes, if I were redile, I should paint out Dover, and inscribe Venerva Street with the satisfaction of having contributed a distinctly new and poetical idea to the Post Office Directory!

To one of these Venerva clubs, which makes a brave show of lamps on the façade (in honour, no doubt, of the wise virgins), I was bidden the other evening to supper. There were actors there, and editors, and Eastern pro-consuls, and we were feasted by two charming hostesses, who had the air of having presided over club junketings all their lives. "And to think that they ordered this supper themselves!" whispered a pro-consul in my ear. "Thundering good it is, too! By Jove, Sir, what are we

coming to?" "To the asparagus, I believe," I answered coldly, having an objection to philosophical discussion just when that incomparable vegetable is in sight. "You are right," he said gravely, helping himself largely to a dish of asparagus which, by horrid misadventure, reached him first. "You newspaper fellows have a knack of being right—except in India. I bar you in India. There we have to shut you up. But what amazes me more than anything here is the champagne. By Jove, you can drink it!" He was speechless for a while over this phenomenon, and then said, "When woman orders the wine, Sir, and orders the right wine, by Jove! what is left for a man to do?" "Well, you can bar it in India," I suggested. "You are right," he said; "India will soon be the only place where a man can hold his own!"

In another Venerva club the great tobacco problem has been solved with spirit and audacity. There is one special smoking-room in which a lady may say to a man, "Will you join me in a weed?" He joins her, and together they seek that particular realm of affinity which owes its atmosphere to nicotine. The surprising thing is that not a single protest has been made at the club against this daring innovation. The secretary tells me that an elderly lady once stood at the door of this room, shook her head playfully, and said, "You don't expect me to go in there!" Venerva Street, you see, produces its special type of elderly lady, who, if she doesn't advance with the times, surveys their wild career with philosophical amusement. Besides, who knows that this original smoking-room will not save the social system? I read an alarming article lately by one of the most brilliant of independent ladies. It was called "Why women are ceasing to marry." It gave a distressing picture of man's disqualifications for the love of women. "None but the brave deserve the fair," sang an old-fashioned poet. He was wrong; nobody deserves the fair. Man's immemorial presumption that woman cannot help loving him for his conceit of himself is rudely shattered. Yes; but will women cease to marry when they share their smoking-room with men? The days of the love-philtre are over; we can only sigh for it as we listen to the music of "Tristan and Isolde"; but will not the tobaccoist come to our aid, and rally our hearts with an advertisement like this—"Try our best matrimonial cigarette; warranted to melt the sternest man-hater!"

Meanwhile, no philosopher can ignore the ferment in the feminine mind. A certain popular comedy provokes a demonstration of it every night. The pit is thronged with partisans of the two principal characters, who illustrate with remarkable skill the eternal duel of the sexes. The man is an aristocrat, the woman a daughter of the people. There is an exasperating coolness in his well-bred self-possession; a resentful passion breaks out in her admirably modulated Cockney accent. The difference of social position, however, is forgotten by the pit in the much more exciting rivalry of brains. It is a woman's wit against a man's, and the alternating fortunes of the struggle are watched as if the supremacy of the social world hung upon the issue. When the aristocrat is apparently master of the field by a brilliant stratagem which shows in the most odious light the ferocious cunning of civilised man, the gentlemen in the pit chuckle audibly. At that moment I am really alarmed by the aspect of the ladies—wives, sisters, sweethearts—images of anger! I see flushed cheeks, and a dangerous light in eyes which usually shine with an agreeable lustre. Teeth are hard set, and the passionate swelling of agitated bosoms finds utterance in that peculiar sound which I can liken to nothing save the growl of the tigress when she sees one of her cubs maltreated. If all those indignant women could spring upon the stage at that instant, I would not give much for Mr. Hare's placid exterior.

But there is a sudden change; the trapped woman wrenches herself free by a superb stroke of courage and despair. Her captor is overcome; all his generosity rises in acclaim; the gentlemen in the pit burst into magnanimous cheers; and the women are radiant with triumphant joy. Their champion has won because she has extorted the man's admiration, and taught him to be ashamed of acting like a brute. With some show of reason it can be argued that he has won, for he has turned an enemy into a friend, and, when a most inconvenient bell is rung in the dead of the night, he saves the situation for both by superior readiness of resource. I have some misgivings as to the domestic peace of the pit when it goes home. The women will still say that the aristocrat is a brute, and the men will say that the lady's-maid is a mix, and the tranquillity of many households may be disturbed for weeks. My own impression is that the victory belongs to the woman, because of her intrepidity in one supreme moment of selfishness. She is ready to save what she believes to be another woman's happiness by the ruin of her own. As a standard-bearer of her sex, she is not, perhaps, on the highest moral plane; but she is all the nearer to average sympathies; and I tremble to think of the revolutionary emotions which she may be the means of spreading through a great mass of the people hitherto untouched by the ideals of the Pioneer Club.

A LOOK ROUND.

From the weather point of view, the opening of the Ascot meeting on Tuesday was all that could be desired. The company was large and fashionable, and the dresses of the ladies were richer and more resplendent than for some seasons past. From a sporting point of view, it could not be said that the outlook was quite so satisfactory. The keynote was sounded by a very long list of scratchings on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday. The fact is that the Berkshire heath, during a period of drought and drying winds such as that experienced lately, gets very hard, and the course is terribly trying to horses' legs and hoofs in fast-run races. Owners, therefore, do not care to risk the future racing career of valuable horses by running them under these trying conditions.

It is somewhat surprising that the Ascot executive had not long before this taken steps to improve the course by having it dug up, deeply trenched, and resown with herbage. This would make the "going" much better and more reliable. If it had been a struggling race company with scant funds at their command, the position would not be difficult to understand. But the Ascot meeting is one of the wealthiest in the world, and the question of funds cannot possibly enter the minds of those who are responsible. Despite these drawbacks, however, the racing was of a very superior kind. A feature of the opening day was the success of the Kingsclere stable. In fact, the luck, which began with "the Guineas," seems to promise a good year for that popular trainer, John Porter. The very first race of the meeting fell to the outsider of the party going to the post—namely, Good Luck, belonging to the Duke of Westminster. This was an untried son of Royal Hampton and Farewell. The forty-second Biennial was shared by the same owner and trainer through Goblet, a son of Grey Leg and Kissing Cup, with Lord Rosebery's Epsom Lad, the race ending in a dead heat between the two. Though Batt was first favourite for the Ascot Stakes, he could not run into a place, and the honours of the day went to Lord Rosebery with Tom Cringle—a horse, it will be remembered, who was thought to be capable of doing great things in the autumn of last year. The wintry coldness of the weather on Wednesday necessarily diminished the brilliant magnificence of the scene, as regards the ladies' costumes, on the lawns and in the stands; but interest in the racing was well maintained. The Hunt Cup was won by Mr. D. J. Jardine's Refractor, the second and third places being taken by Mr. Fairie's Eager and Lord William Beresford's Knight of the Thistle respectively. Sixteen ran.

Who would be an operatic impresario? It must need the philosophic temperament of a Colonel Mapleson to bear with cool equanimity the disaster of M. Jean de Reszke's cold, capped by the misfortune of Madame Melba's indisposition. But M. Maurice Grau and the men at the head of affairs at Covent Garden are full of infinite resource. If the non-appearance of one prime donna renders it difficult to perform the opera announced, the lyric drama presumably understudied is forthwith put on, and opera-goers are thus saved from disappointment. The unavoidable absence of Madame Melba on Monday night, when our sweetest prima donna was to have sung in "Rigoletto," led to a repetition of "Aida," with Madame Gadske most admirably in the title-role, Verdi's opera being otherwise strongly cast.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark were among the large audience drawn to Covent Garden on Tuesday evening to pay homage to M. Jean de Reszke on his gratifying recovery from his bronchial trouble, and to hear the dulcet Polish tenor in his incomparable realisation of the part of Faust, with M. Edouard de Reszke as the richly sonorous Mephistopheles, and Madame Suzanne Adams as a charming Marguerite. Without suggesting that the stage of the Royal Opera House should be kept to the temperature of a conservatory, we may venture to express the hope, in the interest of the great artists and of the chorus engaged for the season, that every precaution is adopted to prevent the cruel draughts which sweep with Siberian fierceness through some benighted theatres. The question of the prevention of draughts and of securing at the same time healthy ventilation is a matter of highest importance for managerial consideration.

Sarah Bernhardt impresses us once more with the fact, on which criticism has insisted from all time, that Hamlet is a part far better suited to a comedian of the first class than for a tragedian of any class. That there are tragic passages in Hamlet in which the Prince of Denmark must be fatefully engaged, no one can deny, but the essence of Hamlet's nature, his changes of temperament, his playfulness, his humour, his abstraction, belong to the highest region of comedy. This is why comedians do far more with Hamlet than tragedians. Take the best of our time, Fechter, Irving, Forbes Robertson: they shone most in the part as comedians. In temperament Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet is as delightful as was the Hamlet of Fechter. The play as inspired by them ceases to drag. As with Fechter, so with Sarah Bernhardt, the best scenes were the love passage with Ophelia, the scene at the grave, and the fencing scene in the last act. The Ophelia love-scene was particularly lovely, for here we had contrast, which is the essence of success in playing. At the outset, Ophelia was urged to go to a convent, because she was essentially pure and he was constitutionally vile. Sarah Bernhardt was most sympathetic here. She struck a gentle, human note, and was charming and most successful. The sacredness of love was here exquisitely expressed. But when Hamlet, unweaved, mustrung, sees the prying King and Polonius, then Ophelia descends to earth with him. He does not rail at her and rate her, but treats her with sublime scorn and contempt. It would take columns to analyse the new Hamlet and to compare it with those that have gone before, but it says much for the French actress when she can carry on her shoulders the weight of this play with so little sense of weariness. She seizes the attention and never lets it go. Humour, rage, love, despondency, passion, irritability, are all there. It is the one part that suits the Gallic temperament. Fechter and Bernhardt have

proved that. When she tried Lady Macbeth she failed dismally. All honour to Eugene Morand and Marcel Schwob for their admirable translation. In its way it is perfect. It never makes us laugh or even smile at a text so familiar to every educated ear. As the words fall from the lips, reverence is suggested, not laughter. That is as it should be. The Ophelia of Martha Mollot is a charming creation, but, after all, what actress in the world has ever failed in Ophelia? The thing is impossible. We may all have our ideas of Hamlet, we may all have our favourite Hamlets, but every student of Shakspeare should see the Hamlet of Sarah Bernhardt. It is philosophy filtered through the brain of still another genius, and we cannot afford to miss the result.

For the second year in succession the golf championship has been won by H. Vardon. He is a Jersey man, but now described as of Ganton, where he resides, being professional to the Scarborough Golf Club. Vardon considers the Sandwich course the finest in the country. It may be thought that this expression is born of elation. It was over this course that Vardon last week won his third championship. But surely no player is better qualified to give an opinion than one who now holds the championship for the third time, and who has during the past two years played with success over all courses as no man ever did before.

The classic competitions of golf are over. Cricket continues, but it will have for some time a great rival in aquatic—that is to say, up-river regattas. Henley is due on the fifth of next month, and this is only one, though the greatest, of numbers of such enjoyable functions.

Big scores at cricket have made their appearance this season earlier than usual. Last week the crop was remarkably heavy. Seventeen batsmen reached the dignity of the third figure, Mr. A. O. Jones, of Nottingham, leading the way with 250. This week has shown little falling off. In the midst of so many batting successes, bowlers' triumphs stand out with greater prominence. Eight Australian wickets taken by Hirst, for Yorkshire, at the small cost of 48 runs! The same bowler obtained five of their wickets in the second innings. Yet the Colonials this time scored 415. Nine Middlesex batsmen dismissed for 55 runs! But the last pair, Mr. R. W. Nicholls and Roche, added 230, a tenth wicket record. The England team playing against the Australians at Lord's is remarkable in that it is composed entirely of young men. For the second time in the history of these test matches in England, the name of W. G. Grace figures not. In 1893 the cause was an injured hand; now it is, alas! the disadvantages of increasing years.

London is gradually being beautified. The Earl of Meath led the way with his Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which has transformed bleak churchyards into bright oases for poor children to ramble in. This good work may be helped by sending subscriptions to Lord Meath at 83, Lancaster Gate, W. A vote of thanks also to the Temple Benches for admitting little waifs and strays to the Temple Gardens on summer evenings.

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THE BOY SOLDIERS OF CHINA AND ONE OF THEIR COMMANDERS, WONG KWOK TING.

Every Chinese banner regiment has its troop of boy soldiers, carefully drilled and far better disciplined than the rest of the army. They carry old flintlocks.



THE BOY SOLDIERS OF CHINA IN REVIEW ORDER.

The evolutions here represented took place last month at the great triennial review of the forces of the Southern Provinces.



THE PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI IN VIENNA, AT WHICH THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA ASSISTED.

Photo. Lechner, Vienna.

Under the canopy of state walked the Cardinal with the Host. The Emperor, bareheaded, followed on foot.



BRITISH CYCLISTS IN NORMANDY: RECEIVING "CONSIGNATIONS" AT A CUSTOMS POST.

The French Customs charge cyclists a duty of about £3 4s. for half a hundredweight, the money to be refunded when leaving France, provided that a written declaration to reclaim the duty on leaving has been presented. In exchange the cyclist receives a "consignation." Cyclists belonging to the C.T.C. dispense with this by showing their credentials as members of the club.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HATFIELD GARDEN PARTY.

The garden party at Hatfield given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury on Saturday afternoon, in honour of the Queen's recent birthday, would have been still more enjoyed but for the absence through indisposition of the hostess, Lady Salisbury. Lord Salisbury, however, with his daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and Lady Cranborne, his daughter-in-law, received several hundreds of visitors. The Prince of Wales, attired in a cool slate-coloured suit, arrived soon after five o'clock; the Duke and Duchess of York were there, as staying guests for a day or two, making themselves and their friends quite at home in a delightful white tent on the south lawn. Among the guests were the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Crown Prince of Siam, Prince Francis of Teck, the French Ambassador, the Spanish, the Turkish, and other Foreign Ministers, the Dukes and Duchesses of Westminster, Somerset, Buccleuch, and Montrose, many others of the nobility, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, the Lord Chancellor and other Cabinet Ministers, distinguished members of the House of Commons, notable authors, artists, and dramatic performers; altogether a very fair representation of the bright figures of the social world.

CAPE TOWN CEREMONIALS.

The bronze statue of Jan van Riebeeck, first Governor of the Cape Colony, which was unveiled at Cape Town on May 18, is the gift of Mr. Cecil Rhodes to the city. The statue is the work of Mr. John Tweed, the rising young sculptor, who is at present completing the Major Wilson Memorial for Rhodesia. Brilliant sunshine favoured the

VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY ARBITRATION.
The work of the arbitrators chosen respectively by the British Government and by that of the Republic of Venezuela to define the boundary-line between our colony of British Guiana and that of the Spanish-American Republic, and finally to settle the question in dispute, which occasioned much controversy three or four years ago, has been recommenced this week in Paris, at the

are arranged in pairs, as in the parrots, two in front and two behind; and it is a remarkable fact that some species, like the little owl (*Athene noctua*), will actually use their toes as a hand, and, after the manner of parrots, clasp their food in their toes and raise it to their mouths. Both the barn and the tawny owls are useful scavengers of the night, but they will occasionally carry off young pheasants and partridges from the

coops, though in these depredations the tawny owl is the worst offender. It is the latter species which cries "To-whoo," a note which can often be heard in summer as the boatman returns in the evening under the shadow of the woods along the Thames. While not indulging in the weird shrieks which render the barn-owl so obnoxious to people of timid mind, yet the tawny owl can also produce some uncanny notes. A game-keeper who came from the Midlands to a southern county, where the tawny owl was by no means uncommon, told the writer that he could not understand why boys should frequent the woods and shout at night, and yet he never could catch any of them. He spent some time in an endeavour to find out the origin of the cries which puzzled him, and at last found a solution which involved him in something like a

confession of homicide. One day I met him with a tawny owl. He told me triumphantly that he had discovered the miscreant, and had shot the "boy."—R. BOWDLER SHARPE.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

The procession of the Corpus Christi, one of the most solemn ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, was attended early on Sunday morning, at Vienna, by the Emperor Francis Joseph, with the Archduke Leopold, heir-apparent to the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE CAPE.

French Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay. The British arbitrators are Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Lord Justice Collins. An immense pile of documents extracted from the archives of two or three centuries past, Spanish, Dutch, French, and English, besides reports and plans of repeated local surveys, and nearly two hundred maps, have been collected for this investigation.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
No. XXIII.—THE TAWNY OWL.

The three species of owls which are scarcely ever absent from the aviaries in the Zoological Gardens are the barn



Photo. S. Taylor.

THE MARCH PAST.



Photo. S. Taylor.

THE GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY AT THE SALUTING-POINT.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW AT CAPE TOWN.

ceremony, which was performed by the Mayor, Mr. Ball, in presence of the Corporation and a large assemblage. In a lengthy speech the Mayor traced van Riebeeck's career, and reminded his hearers that almost upon the spot where the statue was erected the famous Dutchman had landed on April 7, 1652. Our other Cape Illustrations relate to the Queen's Birthday review, when three thousand troops of the Imperial forces marched past his Excellency the Governor. The parade was held on the common at Cape Town, and was watched by an enormous crowd.

owl (*Strix flammea*), the tawny owl (*Syrnium aluco*), and the great eagle-owl (*Bubo bubo*). The latter Scandinavian species even sometimes breeds in captivity, and it has been found in a wild state in Britain on a few occasions, but the barn-owl and the wood or tawny owl are both of them indigenous to this country. One peculiarity of owls should be noticed by anyone interested in the study of birds who may happen to visit the Zoo. He will see that when an owl perches, the toes are not planted as in an ordinary bird of prey, three in front and one behind, but

Hungary, and with all the Princes and Princesses, Archdukes and Archduchesses, of that illustrious monarchy. They walked through the streets with the procession of the clergy, priests, and members of the different monastic religious orders, bearing the consecrated object of devout adoration, preceded by a crucifix, banners, and tapers, to the door of the church, and knelt upon the ground, when it was carried in with the profoundest reverence, exciting a very evident sympathy in the minds of spectators.

PERSONAL.

The Dupuy Cabinet is no more. M. Dupuy is a philosopher, and when he saw that the Chamber wanted to make an end of him he chose a clear issue of confidence rather than attempt to escape the inevitable by a side wind. The nominal reason for his overthrow was the excessive vigour of the police on the day of the Grand Prix. Republican deputies complained that when they cried "Vive la République!" the police assaulted them. The truth is that M. Dupuy excited a great diversity of suspicions. It was even suggested that he wanted to improve his own chances of election to the Presidency by trying to make M. Loubet unpopular. This is uncharitable, but it has served its purpose. The question now is, whether the new Cabinet will recommend the prosecution of General Mercier.

The Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, who has been appointed a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, has been Vicar of Portsea since 1896. He is a graduate of Magdalen College, of which he was Fellow and Dean, has been a Fellow of All Souls, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. He took deacon's orders in 1890, and was ordained priest in 1891 at Ripon. From 1890 to 1893 he was curate of Leeds, and from 1893 to 1896 was Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield. Since 1895 he has been Examining Chaplain to the Bishop



Photo. Russell and Sons.
THE REV. COSMO GORDON LANG.

of Oxford. Mr. Lang is a son of Dr. Marshall Lang, the distinguished divine of the Church of Scotland.

Mr. Kruger's little bill for the Jameson Raid is an amusing document. There is about £677,000 for actual damages, worked out with such precision that the account winds up with three shillings and threepence. But Mr. Kruger was by no means willing to give particulars that would appeal to auditors. He has furnished some details under pressure—such as the expenses of fifteen thousand burghers at forty pounds apiece. This for stopping Dr. Jameson's four hundred men! But the account for "moral and intellectual damage" is a much more serious affair. It comes to a million sterling. This charge for "abstract insult" has one great advantage: it has not to be supported by vouchers.

REAL BOERISHNESS.

No end of a bore, we say or shout,
This Transvaal crisis. More and more
We find it puzzling, a clear way out:
No end of a bore.
Our artful Joe, though to the fore,
Gets rather hit and knocked about.
No wonder that he's rather sore
And that our Jingo's wildly spout
A-clamouring for Boerish gore—
In truth Oom Paul's, beyond a doubt,
No end of a Boer.

The death on Sunday last of Professor W. Garden Blaikie, at the ripe age of eighty, removes another of Scotland's grand old men. While Professor Blaikie was alive, the identity of the two men was continually being confused, much to the distress of Professor Blaikie, who hardly relished being credited with the eccentricities of the Greek Professor. When the latter was collecting money for the endowment of a Celtic chair, cheques were often sent to Professor Blaikie, for both Professors lived in Edinburgh. These were, of course, generally forwarded without comment, but the irrepressible Blaikie could not resist the chance of edging in a couplet when it was his turn to send letters to Professor Blaikie. Thus, in transmitting one letter, he wrote—



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR BLAIKIE.

Blind eyes that blindly could mistake in me
A talking sophist for a grave D.D.

Professor Blaikie was frequently approached by enthusiastic Celts, one of whom once informed him that he had walked fourteen miles to hear him preach, and to have the pleasure of reading to him a Gaelic poem which he had composed in his honour. Of course, the Gaelic poem was meant for the "talking sophist." The deceased Professor was a leading ecclesiastic in the Free Church of Scotland, but to the general public he was best known by his literary work. Some thirty-seven years ago he became famous for his "Better Days for Working People," a book which has practically gone round the world; and later on he added

greatly to his reputation by a Life of David Livingstone, which is really one of the best biographies in the language.

The late Mr. John Nixon, by whose death British commerce is robbed of a typical representative, was a native of Durham, and was born in 1815.

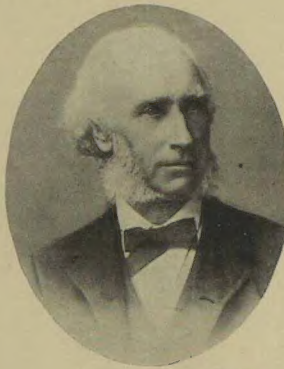


Photo. Magill.
THE LATE MR. JOHN NIXON.

England, but shortly returned to South Wales and embarked on his first speculation, a shipment of coal to Nantes. This he supplied gratis to the sugar-refineries and to the French Government, and finally established his coal on the Loire. He then undertook the Werfa collieries and guided them to success, acquiring and making many other extensive mines. His improvements in working and in mining machinery contributed largely to his success.

The Czar has refused to accept the petition of half a million Finns against the abrogation of the Finnish Constitution. Seven persons (said to be Russians) who live in a village on the Finnish side of the border have presented an address of congratulation, and the Czar has expressed to them his "emotion and gratitude." So much depends upon the point of view.

Major the Hon. Arthur Stewart Hardinge, who died from the effects of a fall from his horse at Hyde Park Corner, was a grandson of the first Viscount Hardinge and brother to the present bearer of that title. He was born in 1859, and was educated at Sandhurst, from which he passed into the Army in 1878. He served with the Royal Scots Fusiliers in the Zulu War of 1879, and in 1880 was gazetted Lieutenant, serving next year as aide-de-camp to the Commandant at the defence of Pretoria. He took part in the Burmese Expedition of 1885-87, and in 1892 served against the Jebus in Lagos. In the last campaign he was twice wounded. His decorations were numerous, and he was twice mentioned in despatches.

Professor Zorn, speaking at the Hague Conference under the direct inspiration of the German Emperor, has scouted the idea of a permanent court of arbitration. The Kaiser thinks this inconsistent with the divine right of monarchs. It is for him to shape the destinies of Germany, not for some foreign arbitrators, who have no interest in German glory. Sir Julian Pauncefote, who made the proposal that Professor Zorn attacked, mildly suggested that his critic did not understand it. The arbitration court will have no compulsory powers.

The death of Augustin Daly, which occurred at Paris on June 8, removes one of the most interesting figures in the theatrical world, for Mr. Daly always had the touch of the artist about his showmanship; and he had made his mark not only in America, but in London, and latterly in our own provinces. Mr. Daly was born in North Carolina sixty-one years ago, and appeared as a lad on the stage. At the age of four-and-twenty he made his debut as a dramatist by his adaptation (he revivified in the of "Deborah," a work once made famous by Miss Bateman's Leah. He began his career as a manager in 1869, when he opened the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. For thirty years he had led a very busy life as manager, adaptor, and even as a man of letters.



Photo. Bazarin.
THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY.

A strange rumour haunted the clubs early in the week to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned. This originated apparently in the equally unfounded statement that the Colonial Secretary was about to leave England with Mrs. Chamberlain for Switzerland. Mr. Chamberlain gave a very clear statement in the House on Tuesday with regard to the suggested arbitration between this country and the Transvaal. He said that no question whatever could be referred to arbitration by a foreign Power, but that some points might be arbitrated upon by a different kind of tribunal. Arbitration by a foreign Power would mean that the Transvaal is a sovereign State, a proposition which England, as suzerain of South Africa, cannot admit. The London Government Bill was read a third time in the Commons, after a futile effort to reopen the discussion upon the admission of women to seats on the local councils.

Sir Hermann Weber, who was one of the English representatives at the recent Berlin Congress on the fight against tuberculosis as a national disease, is one of the greatest living authorities on the treatment of consumption by suitable climate. In a series of publications and lectures, notably in his book on "The Mineral Waters and Health Resorts of Europe," he has dealt extensively with this problem, which is of great national importance on account of the spread of such diseases as tuberculosis. In this country no less—nay, even more, than on the Continent, the disease has gained a broad foothold on all classes of the community, and at last steps are being taken to try and lessen the evil. Already the public has begun to understand that consumption is an infectious disease, and must be treated as such. It is a serious thing that while patients in the early stages can find a resting-place in some sanatorium, there are few institutions in this country which will admit those suffering from the later stages of the disease. Sir Hermann Weber has done much to point out the lines along which improvement in this direction may be carried out. Although a graduate of Bonn, he has long resided in England, and has attained to the highest honours of his profession. For years he has been associated with the German Hospital, and has acquired a wide knowledge of consumption from his position on the Staff of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption at Ventnor.



Photo. Barrand.
SIR HERMANN WEBER.

Not in cricket alone is India to contest our great University honours. In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos for this year, two men, one an Indian, are bracketed equal as Senior Wranglers. The successful candidates are Mr. G. Birtwhistle, of St. John's College, and Mr. R. P. Paranjpye, of Pembroke. Mr. Birtwhistle, who belongs to Burnley, is twenty-two; Mr. Paranjpye, who comes from the Murdi district, Ratnagiri, is twenty-three.

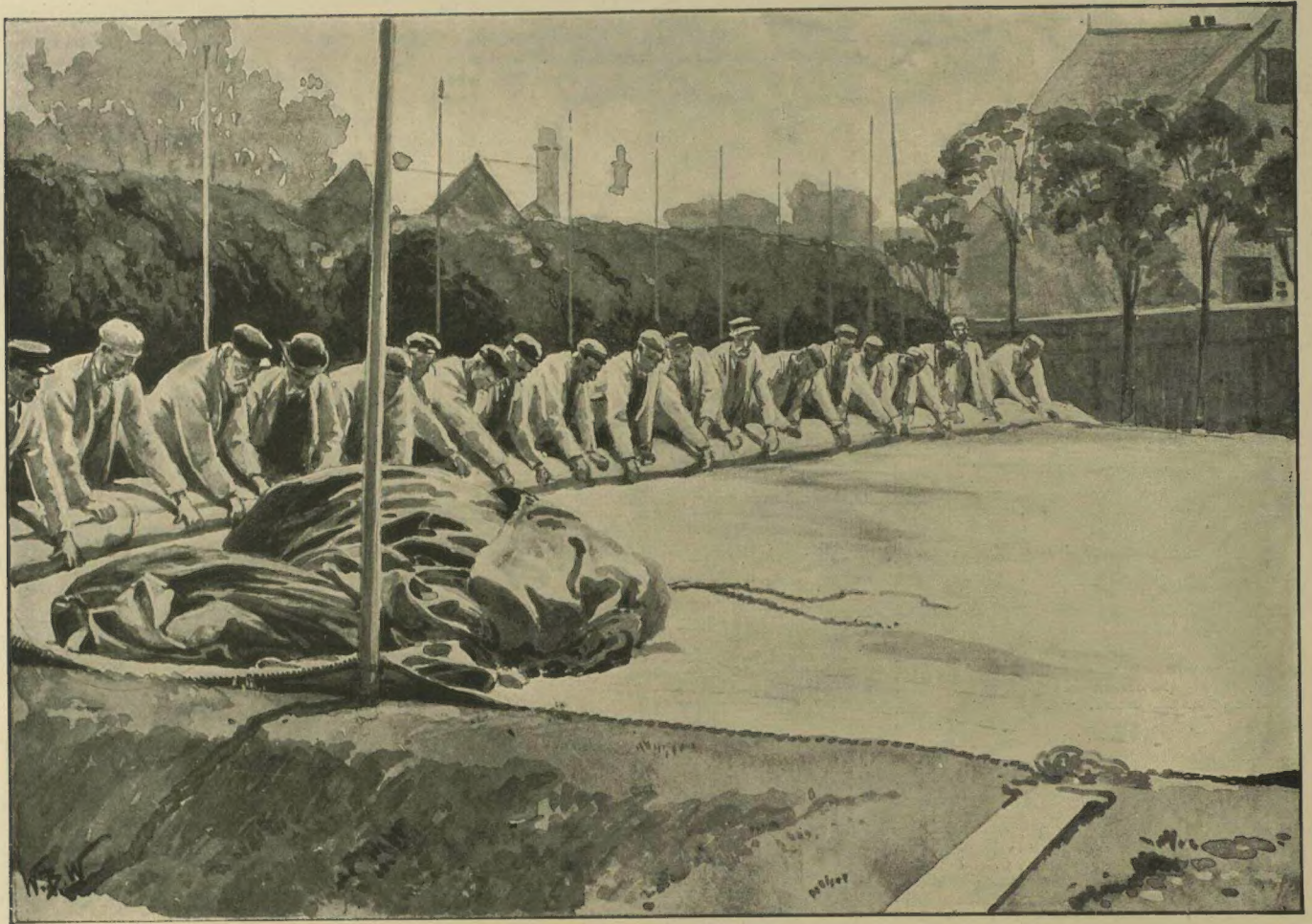
Sir Herbert Maxwell, another of the English representatives at the Berlin Conference on Consumption, has been Rhind Lecturer on Archaeology in Edinburgh since 1893. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, and has represented Wigtownshire in Parliament since 1880. His published works are numerous, and cover a wide field of interest: topography, archaeology, biography, fiction, county history, and essays. His pursuits lead him also into scientific paths, and he is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis. He is a cyclist, a salmon-fisher, and an amateur gardener.



Photo. Barrand.
SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

Baron de Christiani has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for his assault upon President Loubet at Auteuil. This is a most exemplary punishment, but one man who will probably think it too rigorous is M. Loubet himself. Baron de Christiani deserves no clemency; still, he is only a wretched butterfly, and the President may think it inhuman to leave him to droop in jail so long.

Mark Twain is making a kind of triumphal progress of after-dinner oratory in London. His literary reputation is as assured on this side of the ocean as on his own side, and few authors, English or American, have ever won so much personal esteem. He gave the Authors' Club a characteristic jest. It was a pun which, he said, had cost him eight days' thought. "England and America, united by Kipling, will not be severed in Twain." That is an international pun in which even Dr. Johnson might see some merit, if he could revisit Fleet Street now.



ROLLING UP THE MAINSAIL OF THE "SHAMROCK," SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT, AT COWES.



CARRYING THE MAINSAIL OF THE "SHAMROCK" AT COWES.

Photo. Lewis, Cowes.

Only those who have had practical experience of yachting fully realise the literalness of the hackneyed metaphor, a "cloud of canvas." That these clouds can hang very heavy may be gathered from our Illustrations of the mainsail of Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, the "Shamrock," which every Briton hopes will bring back the America Cup to home waters. The sail, which will appear so light and winglike when it is spread, weighs nearly a ton, and would cover several suburban gardens. It took quite a small army of men to roll it up and carry it away from the maker's.



Emily Trimmings was by this time so far recovered as to be ripe for removal in a four-wheeler.

"THE ACT OF HEROISM"

BY BARRY PAIN

CHAPTER I.

DO not go outside your part, for whatever part in life you may be cast. If you are Nature's low comedian, do not usurp the business of the hero. Hear the plain story of Alfred Smithers, who stood five foot eight, had sandy hair and an apologetic eye, earned four pounds a week by book-keeping, and was a good husband until by the merest chance he was led into the paths of heroism.

Chance plays the devil at times. Emily Trimmings, housemaid by profession and hysterical by nature, found that the postman was walking out with another lady. Consulting her recollection of penny romances, she saw that suicide was clearly indicated. The relics of sense which distinguish hysteria from madness made her choose the manner of her suicide. She went up on to the Heath one afternoon and flung herself into a pond, in the presence of several philosophical male loafers, one emotional nursemaid, and two fat-headed children. Her last thought as she entered the water was which of the male loafers would pull her out again.

The first loafer said that was as silly an act as ever he saw, and he should be moving home.

The second loafer observed that something ought to be done at once.

The third called for help.

The fourth said the police were never there when they were wanted.

The emotional nursemaid sat down at once on the grass, removed her hat, unhooked her dress at the neck, fanned herself with a handkerchief, and said, "Oh! that has given me a turn!"

The two fat-headed children cried, "Ain't that funny? Nurse, make her come out and do it again. Nurse, ain't that funny? Nurse, make her come out and do it again." *Da capo.*

And at this moment chance—playing the devil as aforesaid—brought upon the scene

Alfred Smithers, who had fished the pond and believed the depth nowhere exceeded three feet, who saw a policeman with a coil of rope under his arm rapidly approaching, who observed that he had an audience and was accordingly inspired.

"Go in from where you are!" shouted the second loafer. "Don't waste time thinking about it."

Smithers removed his silk hat and frock coat.

"That's courage! That's a man!" screamed the emotional nursemaid.

That settled it. With a stentorian cry of "Stand back, there!" to the two fat-headed children—a cry which was not needed, but inserted by way of trimming—Smithers jumped feet-foremost. There was a mighty splash. When it subsided, Smithers observed standing in the pond, the water reaching up to the terminals of his string-mended braces.

The two children rolled over and over on the grass in fits of inextinguishable laughter. It was a good afternoon; they had had nothing quite so good since the pantomime.

"Don't wait for her to come up," roared the second loafer. "Dive. That's what you've got to do."

"I know what to do all right," replied Smithers, who as a matter of fact didn't.

He took one step forward, and incontinently vanished down a fifteen-foot hole, of the existence of which, though he had fished that pond, he had previously been unaware.

As he was going down the hole he met Emily Trimmings coming up. She paused and soldered herself firmly on to as much of Smithers as she could reach. He trod water very fast and very furiously, like a child stamping its feet on the nursery floor because it mayn't begin tea-cake first. He lashed out hard and indiscriminately with both hands, and might have succeeded in scraping off most of the half-drowned lady, but that he found in his struggles they had both become entangled and tied together by a rope. He could remember no prayer but the Grace after Meat, which he repeated to himself fervently. Then he gave up. His breath exploded into the green jelly. He gave one more kick, and lost his interest in things.

In the meantime the policeman, assisted by the loafers, was pulling hard at the other end of the rope, and brought to bank a job lot of mixed scarecrows. These being sorted out on the grass proved to be one moiety Smithers and one moiety Trimmings. The treatment of the apparently drowned was then proceeded with energetically, to the great satisfaction of a considerable number of spectators. They had gathered in a moment.

Smithers came to himself, feeling ill but magnificent, and assured the policeman that he was all right. He was not much to look at at the moment, yet everywhere he felt the admiring gaze upon him. "Bravo!" exclaimed an old gentleman. A very chorus

of bravos followed, in which the policeman and the doctor who was busy with Emily Trimmins joined enthusiastically. Oh, it was good. It was very jocular.

"You done splendid, Sir," said the policeman; "the way you just managed to grab the end of the rope as you went down the hole to fetch her up was very smart. You must be pretty quick and neat with your hands, and pretty cool and collected too, for I dare say she give a lot of trouble when you got 'er."

"Well, you see," said Smithers indulgently, "she'd quite lost her head."

"And yet you managed to get the rope under her armpits, tied a good knot, and wound the slack twice round yourself! And it couldn't have been done quicker if you had been on dry land, instead of under water and 'ampered by the woman."

Emily Trimmins was by this time so far recovered as to be ripe for removal in a four-wheeler, with a policeman on the box. She did not look pretty. Her hair had come down, and something had happened to her nose. It was suggested that she had struck it in entering the water. Alfred Smithers remembered at an early stage of the struggle he had kicked something; it was not worth mentioning. He took, under advice, another drop of the brandy, and was driven home. The crowd cheered.

Mrs. Smithers was a woman of some energy. Smithers was wrapped in hot blankets and tucked away in bed in no time. He had a hot-water bottle at his feet, and steaming rum-and-water at his head. Mrs. Smithers sent a polite note to Messrs. Garson and Begg to say why her husband would be unable to be at work as usual on the following day. She threw the story over the right-hand wall of the back yard to Mrs. Warboys, and over the left-hand wall to the widow of the late Charles Push. In twenty minutes the story was all over the terrace and had not shrunk. There was great excitement, and three separate houses hoped that Mrs. Smithers would look in for a cup of tea, and would be glad if they could do anything to help. She accepted two of the invitations, and would visit the third house on the morrow, and would be obliged by the loan of a nutmeg, it being necessary to keep up an internal glow after prolonged struggle in cold water—the dare-devil had dived six times before he found the woman—and the patient otherwise being likely to take a chill in the vitals and die hurriedly. Then she decided to have the newspaper cuttings framed. The medal would go on the mantelpiece, under glass.

Smithers lay upstairs, with the feeling that his head was a large lump of dough traversed by a steam-propelled roller, but satisfied that heroism and hot rum were both excellent. He was soon asleep.

Glory reached its flood on the following day. An offering was brought from the mother of Emily Trimmins—a box encrusted without with small shells and two pieces of looking-glass and lined with pink satin within. The slip of paper which accompanied it was inscribed—"A mother's tribute to her daughter's preserver" (*sic*). The newspapers on the whole did well, though the *Times* was quite outclassed in the race for news, having but two lines to the half-column of the local organ. The magistrate cautioned Miss Trimmins with some severity, and handed her over to the care of her mother. He said that the loafers were not men. He referred to the intrepid courage, cool head, strength wedded with skill, of Alfred Smithers—one of the men of whom England had good cause to be proud.

In the course of a week the postman had explained away the other lady and was *amix* with Emily Trimmins, who, so far as this story is concerned, may now take a seat at the back.

A considerable number of Smithers' friends were waiting, when the magistrate had finished, to have the pleasure of shaking hands with Smithers, and congratulating him, and so on.

And that night one of the men of whom England had good cause to be proud, went home most painfully and uncompromisingly drunk.

CHAPTER II.

Alfred Smithers, as he made his modest breakfast of a cup of tea and two liver pills next morning, explained to his wife that it had not been the drink so much as the reaction.

She said that he needn't have taken the reaction. She should overlook it this time and say no more, knowing what he was when not misled. But no amount of ironing would make that hat look anything again. He went to work feeling that the glory had been turned a little lower.

There were more newspaper cuttings, and later there was something on vellum. Smithers said rather bitterly that the Society seemed to do things on the cheap. A medal came at last, presented by the vicar, on behalf of a few friends and local inhabitants. It was of silver and very large. It was kept on the mantelpiece and shown to everybody who would look at it.

But the excitement was dying down. Glory was on the ebb. Mrs. Smithers would sometimes allow two days to pass without alluding to the act of heroism. Smithers watched the ebbing of the tide with inward rage and with many vain efforts to stay it. The neighbourhood sickened slowly of conversations on the different ways of rescuing the drowning—conversations initiated by Smithers in order to lead to the case of the poor girl Emily Trimmins. But

he had eaten praise-poison, and no other diet was rich enough for him now. The neighbourhood wearying of him and hinting as much, he would slip the medal into his pocket on Saturday afternoons, get on his bicycle, and seek fresh fields. A little group and a bar-parlour sufficed. Whatever the group was discussing when Smithers first leaned his bicycle against the horse-trough outside, five minutes later they were listening while Smithers got in with "I remember once being on the Heath when some fool of a girl jumped into twenty feet of water. What did I do? Watched for the bubbles coming up, and then dived. The devil of it was that there was a strong cross-current and—," etc. Later, the medal would be produced. Poor Alfred Smithers! Nature's low comedian, and yet smitten with a raging madness for the strut, the soliloquy, the limelight, the sympathetic music, the roar of applause!

In his new part of hero he invented business that was not good. He began to be, as he phrased it, "master in his own house." He interfered in matters which were the special province of Mrs. Smithers. He gave detailed instructions in domestic subjects of which he was completely ignorant, and brought upon himself ridicule. He was rude to Mrs. Smithers, and said that she needed to be driven with a firm hand. He told the eight-pound general that his word was law, and she forthwith gave notice on the ground that she could put up with anything except haughtiness.

Mrs. Smithers told him with some frankness that she was glad to see his back when he went to business of a morning, for he was more nuisance in a house than a cart-load of monkeys.

At business he had got, as a rule, just enough sense not to try any heroism. He was a good book-keeper, and he had got a good place and he knew it. One day, however, as his mind strayed for a moment to high things, he made a small blunder affecting a large sum, and the sum got on to the wrong side of the book and caused trouble. In due course Mr. Peter Begg said, "Send me Smithers." The clerk who took the message said to Smithers, "You're going to get beans." And at this all the heroism in Smithers arose and boiled over, and he spluttered out that he thought it would be rather the other way.

"Look here," said Mr. Begg, "how do you come to make such an infernal fool of yourself as this, Smithers?" Smithers was now well alight.

"Kindly understand once for all that there're some expressions I don't permit to be used to me by any man."

Mr. Begg gazed at Smithers pensively through his eye-glass, and sighed. "Get out," he said, "I'll finish with you to-morrow morning. You may be sober by then. Get out, go on!"

Smithers got out, and a slight chill fell on him. Possibly he had gone too far. He was unusually civil to his wife at supper that night, and appeared somewhat pre-occupied. After supper he asked his wife what she thought of Klondike.

"I wouldn't care to have much to do with it. Why?"

"Well, I had a few words with Begg to-day—Peter Begg, the old one. I was in the right, as it happened, but something I said seemed to sting him rather. I can't say how it will end. I've as good as promised to see him again to-morrow morning, but he may not meet my views. And you know how it is when either the senior partner's got to go or the book-keeper."

"You apologise, and ask to be took on again," said Mrs. Smithers, going right through the elegancies of her husband's version, and getting straight down to the bed-rock facts. "That's what you'll do if you're not silly. You don't want to lose a good place."

"I don't know," said Smithers, with an air of melancholy, "same old drudgery day after day, and what's it all to come to? Nothing. I might strike it if we went to Klondike."

"You aren't going to no Klondike," said Mrs. Smithers.

"I'm not sure it wouldn't be the right life for me. I'm naturally a man of action. I do the book-keeping well enough, but adventures and emergencies are more my line. You remember what the magistrate said when—"

"I remember how beastly drunk you were that night."

"Little you know!" said Smithers, though conscious that the retort was somewhat vague. After some meditation he managed to supplement it as follows: "And little you care either—top button's been off my waistcoat for the last four days."

"You've got a tongue in your head to ask with, haven't you? Give it here and don't grumble."

And a little later Alfred Smithers, with a distinct chill on the heroism, went up to bed.

The chill was even more distinct when in the small hours of the morning Mrs. Smithers shook him by the shoulder, awoke him, told him that there was a burglar in the kitchen, and asked him to go down.

In the small hours of the morning one's vitality is low.

CHAPTER III.

They had been unable to get any satisfactory sleep after the disturbance, and they breakfasted early. Mrs. Smithers looked amused; Alfred Smithers looked conciliatory.

"I want you to understand how it was," he said pleadingly.

"I understand it all right. And how my poor sides do ache with laughing. 'Lock our door as quietly as you can,' you says, 'and don't make a sound,' you says, 'for,' you says, 'if he knows we've discovered him he'll have the lives of both of us.' Sounds funnier still, when it's said over again by daylight. Oh, my poor sides!"

And even then Alfred Smithers did not become rebellious; on the contrary, in a mirthless and subservient way he smiled.

"I'm quite willing to own I blundered in what seems now rather a funny way. But it wasn't in the way you think, my dear. My dear Agnes, it really wasn't."

"Tell your own story," said Mrs. Smithers, with a victor's easiness.

"I was awoke sudden," said Smithers. "I don't suppose I was more than half awake, which accounts for the error of judgment. I'm a man, and not a machine. We all blunder at times. I own I made a mistake, and I can afford to laugh at it." He managed to jerk up another semblance of a smile. "At first I said that what you'd heard was a rat, and what you'd seen was a shadow. Then when you made me look through the corner of the blind, and I saw the end of the man's leg drawn inwardly through the downstairs window, I, being half asleep, supposed that it was a regular professional burglar. And if it had been that, my advice would have been correct. Professional burglars carry revolvers in their 'ip-pockets, and they'll shoot anybody—policeman or any man—to destroy evidence against them. Very well. What good was I unarmed against an armed burglar? Foolhardiness isn't courage. If you knew life as I know it you'd realise that. You didn't agree with my ideas, and, as I was half asleep, I own you were right; you said—"

Mrs. Smithers took up the story triumphantly. "I said it was stuff and nonsense, and so it was. Burglars don't come to a penny-farthing place like this; and if they did, they wouldn't wake up the house opening a window. Two drops of ile, a shove with the knife, and a wad o' paper to deaden the sound of the spring when it comes back."

Smithers recovered himself sufficiently to ask how they put in the two drops of oil and the wad of paper.

"How should I know, not being a burglar myself? Anyhow, I was right. I said it was just some tramp, new to the business, and hungry for a supper, and that he'd bolt as soon as he heard anybody moving. And didn't he?"

"Yes," said Smithers, "he did. I was just thinking of getting out of bed and following you down the stairs. But he bolted as soon as he heard our door open, and was out of the house before you were half-way down. That's my point. It was an error of judgment on my part, not a want of courage. It's a mercy he'd no time to take much."

"Well, 'e'd got the cold beef out, and precious little he'd have left of it. The bottle of beer he knocked over and broke in his hurry. The only thing he actually got away with was that—er—that medal."

At this point Mrs. Smithers' face became dark and inscrutable.

"That's a sad pity," she added; "we shall miss it too, with that inscription, 'For Gallantry and Courage; Presented by a Few Admirers of Alfred Smithers.' But you'll inquire of the police, of course, and as likely as not you'll get it back. I believe I was right in saying you ought to have gone to the police there and then."

"I believe you were," said Alfred with alacrity. "It's no good going now, for the medal's certain to be in the melting-pot. Besides, I've no fancy for having the police in, interfering with my private business. And I think it would be just as well if we neither of us said a word about it."

"Oh, I must tell Mrs. Warboys," said Mrs. Smithers. "I wouldn't miss seeing her laugh over that story were it ever so. As for pore Mrs. Push, when I come to the part when I put your boots on my feet because yours squeaked louder, and you'd got your head under the bed-clothes, and I said—"

"Oh, look here," said Alfred desperately. "I do wish you wouldn't. I'd really much rather not. It isn't often I ask for anything particular, but if that story's told it's almost certain to be taken up in the wrong way as far as it concerns me. I've made a blunder and I've lost my medal. Ain't that enough for you?"

"Then you've given up that Klondike idea," observed Mrs. Smithers, with more consecutiveness than was immediately apparent.

"Certainly; oh, certainly! It was a just a wandering notion that wouldn't stand thinking over. And I shall smooth old Peter Begg down all right. There will be a little give-and-take compromise on both sides. It only wants tactful handling. Garson and Begg have been very good friends to me, and I'm not going to throw them over. I couldn't do it, even if you asked it."

"I don't ask it," said Mrs. Smithers dryly. "Get that fixed right by to-night, and I won't say nothing."

On his way to the City, he reflected that it would indeed require tact. However, he entered Mr. Begg's room and did his best.

"I've come," he said, "to apologise, Sir, very humbly

for the way I spoke yesterday. As you saw, I wasn't myself, Sir."

"Then you were drunk?" said Mr. Begg with mild interest.

"Oh, no, Sir. At least it was more drugged. I'd suffered torments all day with toothache, and took a little laudanum for it, and that made me come over all any-how. If I'd been myself I'd sooner have cut off my right hand—"

"That'll do," said Mr. Begg. "No more need be said about it in that case. But when you are troubled with toothache again I should advise you either to take a little less laudanum or to take a good deal more. Now get on with your work."

Thus tact triumphed.

Mrs. Smithers kept her word, and Mrs. Warboys and the relief of the late Charles Push have missed a story

A PIONEER OF TELEGRAPHY.

"The Life Story of the late Sir Charles Tilston Bright," which has been issued in two volumes by Messrs. Constable, could not have appeared at a time more opportune than the present, when public interest in the wonders of telegraphy has again been aroused to the utmost by the marvellous discoveries of Signor Marconi. What a feat it was—"the great feat of the century" as it was called at the time—to connect England and America by a submarine cable!—and yet developments of the telegraphic art are now in progress which threaten to supersede the use of wires and make them as obsolete as crossbows were rendered by the invention of gunpowder. If Signor Marconi has superseded the use of cables between England and France, may not he, or some future improver of his method, also cause to become equally superfluous the submarine wire of Charles Bright between England

the joyful fall of Troy, 1084 years before the birth of Christ; and lo and behold! by a curious coincidence, it was also the good war-ship *Agamemnon*, which had vainly sought to batter down the forts of Sebastopol, that was employed by us to achieve a far more glorious victory in the laying of the first Atlantic cable—half of it, at least, the other half being paid out by the United States battle-ship *Niagara*. It is too readily forgotten in these rapidly forgetful days that the *Great Eastern* was only employed to lay a second and more successful cable than the one which had been first constructed by Sir Charles Bright and made to span the Atlantic by the joint naval efforts of England and the United States. Owing to certain defects, necessarily inherent in a first attempt, the *Agamemnon-Niagara* cable subsequently became a failure; and, as Bright's biographer writes: "In all the experience of life there are no sadder moments than



Smithers sought fresh fields. A little group and a bar parlour stifled.

"THE ACT OF HEROISM."

which would undoubtedly have amused them. Smithers has returned to his natural rôle. The newspaper cuttings have been replaced by a chromo which happened to fit the frame exactly, and the happiness is general.

THE END.

An interesting article might be written on the increasing comforts of railway travelling. The arrangements made at the commencement of the tourist season last year by the Great Western Railway for the collection and delivery of passengers' personal luggage in advance at a minimum charge of sixpence per package having proved so great a convenience to the travelling public, the company has this season largely extended the "luggage-in-advance" system. Luggage is now received at any station and forwarded in advance of the owner's journey to any station on the Great Western Railway, to wait until called for. Luggage is also collected at hotels or residences, forwarded in advance of the owner's journey, and delivered at hotels or residences at places where cartage service is performed. Every article of luggage must have an addressed label showing the passengers' destination.

and America? For it was Charles Bright who surpassed the promise of Puck: "I'll put a girdle round about the Earth in forty minutes," and this he did, moreover, in his twenty-sixth year. This youthful talent had been spoken of as scarcely inferior to that of William Pitt, and, indeed, he had attained to the premiership of practical science as early as Pitt had risen to the premier place in Parliament. He was only four and twenty when appointed in 1856 Chief Engineer to the first Atlantic Telegraph Company, while two years later, after a series of heart-breaking difficulties and disasters, he succeeded in accomplishing a feat that even threw that of Columbus into the shade. What a thrill of humanity shot through all the Anglo-Saxon race when, on Aug. 13, 1858, the following message was flashed from this side of the Atlantic to the other—"Europe and America are united by telegraph. 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men.'" This was the birth-moment of that Anglo-American *enteente* which is now bearing such promising fruit. Who had first employed telegraphy of a kind? None other, it is said, but *Agamemnon*, who had thus announced to his queen

those in which, after years of anxious toil, and striving for a great object, and after a glorious triumph, the achievement that seemed complete becomes a wreck. Still, young Bright had demonstrated the possibility of laying over two thousand miles in one continuous length across the Atlantic Ocean at depths of two to three miles," etc. As he had begun his career of scientific triumph by laying the first cable to Ireland—and he used to say that as long as we had telegraphic communication with that country there could be no possible need for discussing the question of Home Rule—so he followed up his Atlantic achievements, among other things, by engineering the Mediterranean cables as well as that to India. The North Atlantic is now spanned by no fewer than twelve electric cables, but it was Sir Charles Bright who acted as the pioneer of this space-bridging enterprise, just as the caravels of Columbus were the forerunners of the colossal liners which now dart across the ocean. Dying at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, Bright had nevertheless lived a long life—as measured by its results for the honour of interests, not only of his own country, but of humanity at large.

SOME WOMEN PLAYERS OF HAMLET.

Sarah Bernhardt's appearance as Hamlet carries on a tradition which has attracted many brilliant actresses. It is in keeping with the after history of this tradition that it was first established in modest fashion by "the divine Sarah" of the eighteenth century. Even at the outset one remarks the curious impelling tendency of the character, for Mrs. Siddons had an innate dislike to the donning of male apparel, and rendered her Rosalind ridiculous by the adoption of a nondescript garb in the forest scenes. She could never be prevailed upon to submit the interpretation to the judgment of a London audience.

At Edinburgh on April 23, 1785, Mrs. Bulkley sought to fill her depleted coffers by appearing as Hamlet to the Ophelia of the once beautiful Mrs. Baddeley. The main object failed to be achieved, but the beneficiary was honoured with a notice in the *Courier*, which spoke of the performance as "wonderful."

Next in order came Mrs. Powell, of Drury Lane, who had quite a hobby for appearing as the Prince. Her success in the rôle stimulated her to play Young Norval, which she did to the Lady Randolph of Mrs. Siddons.

Nowhere, indeed, has the convention of the female Hamlet been so vigorously maintained as in America. Apparently it was established there by Mrs. Bartley, who played Hamlet at the Park Theatre, New York, on March 29, 1819. About three months afterwards, a native actress, one Mrs. Barnes, attempted the character at the same house. The result is not recorded, but in after days the lady's daughter Charlotte (Mrs. Connor) could play nothing tolerably save the Prince. New York had occasion to sit in judgment on another outrage on the character on May 22, 1822, when Mrs. Battersby was the culprit.

When the brilliant but obese Mrs. Glover adventured upon the distraught Dane for her benefit at the Lyceum, on June 18, 1821, a pungent relevancy must have attached itself to the prayer for the melting of "this too too solid flesh." After the first act Edmund Kean made his way behind, and grasping Mrs. Glover by both hands, impulsively, ejaculated "Excellent! excellent!" To which the quick-witted lady made reply, "Away, you flatterer! You come in mockery, to scorn and scoff at our solemnity."

In returning to America, we find that the tradition was sustained there by Mrs. Shaw, who, about the year 1840, was frequently seen as Hamlet at the Bowery Theatre, New York. In 1843 Mrs. Brougham sustained the character in the same city for her benefit, and again at Liverpool in August 1847. At a slightly later period Fanny Wallack was the reigning Transatlantic woman Hamlet, and enjoyed considerable vogue. Endowed with a masculine port, Charlotte Cushman was the one outstanding actress of her time most frequently seen in male rôles. As seen at Brougham's Lyceum, New York, on Nov. 24, 1851, her Hamlet, within the bounds of a studiously conventional rendering, was astonishingly fine.

Miss Cushman had a good second in a gifted, if erratic fellow-countrywoman. This was Charlotte Crampton, an actress of whom Macready once said, "If she were but a foot taller she would startle the world." She "made up" in Hamlet in imitation of the ponderous Edwin Forrest, to whom her photograph in the part bears a whimsical resemblance. She had her analogue in many respects in her taller English contemporary, Mrs. Nunn, who, as an unvarying favourite on the West York Circuit, had appeared in her time in such unwonted rôles as Othello, Hamlet, and William in "Black-Eyed Susan."

A proof of the attraction of Shakspeare's regal Dane for all kinds of histrionic temperaments is afforded in the appearance in the part at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, in September 1851, of the talented Charlotte Saunders. Miss Saunders was *petite*, and she had, moreover, an amplitude of broad humour; but she was a really brilliant executant, and her Hamlet is spoken of as a capital performance. A little later a Miss Knowles wrestled with the rôle at Plymouth. It is a matter of doubt which actress holds the record for the greatest number of appearances as the moody Dane. In bygone times the laurel was contested by Miss Marriott and Miss Julia Seaman. Miss Marriott was seen in the character at the Marylebone in April 1861, at Sadler's Wells three years later in a careful revival of the tragedy, and frequently, in after years, in the provinces. Strange to say, it was in this very rôle that she decided to

of Winnetta Montague, whose husband, the graceful and gifted Walter Montgomery, shot himself a day or two after their marriage. A few months after the funeral, the actress returned to America, and appeared at Albany and elsewhere as Hamlet.

Conspicuous on the roll of women of pronounced individuality whom the New World seems destined to produce, shines the name of Anna Dickinson. Quakeress by descent, Miss Dickinson was successively schoolmistress, lecturer, and actress. In 1862 she threw down the gauntlet as a public pleader on behalf of the Abolitionists, and subsequently delivered an oration before Congress which earned for her a national reputation. Everything by turns and nothing long, she finally took to the stage, and enjoyed another flash of notoriety through the vogue of her Hamlet. Many other American conservators of the tradition might be

discussed, such as Fanny Herring, Rachel Denvil, Susan Denin, Adèle Belgarde, Sophie Miles, Nellie Holbrook, Viola Whitcomb, Eliza Warren, and Mrs. F. B. Conway. But the list would only be half exhausted when the reader's patience was wholly so. Australia contributes the names of Mesdames Cleveland and Evans and Miss Louise Pomeroy. Italy adds her quota in the brilliantly equipped Giacinta Pezzana. Ireland indulges in a quarter of a century of retrospection, and points to Eliza Thorne. Even France, which has the least appreciation of a type that has most of appeal for Teutonic minds, has a mild tradition of the woman Hamlet. In 1867, at the Gaité, Madame Judith gave a weak and colourless interpretation of the distracted Prince. The rest is silence until March 1898, when Mlle. Dudley, of the Comédie Française, inaugurated her provincial starring tour by appearing in the rôle at Toulouse. About a month later Madame Derigny, of the little Théâtre les Bouffes du Nord in Paris, caught the infection. Doubtless, these flashes in the pan, as well as some recent English experiments of the sort, were due to Madame Bernhardt's long announced appearance in the part. One or two characterisations, however, remain outside that invidious category. Miss Oliph Webb masqueraded as Hamlet for her benefit at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, early in November 1893; and a year or two ago Miss Emelie Burke, of Glasgow, assumed the rôle, surrounded by a company of amateurs. Mrs. Bandmann Palmer confesses to having studied Shakspeare's tragedy from the age of fifteen, but only summoned up courage to appear as the distraught Prince in 1895. Since then she has played it some 270 times, and bids fair to hold



"Here hang those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft."—Act v., Sc. 1.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

Photo, Otto, Paris.

make her American début, what time she came out at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, in 1869. And equally strange is it that other actresses on similarly momentous occasions have pursued an identical course. Miss Julia Seaman's first appearance in the United States (at Booth's Theatre in November 1874, when Matilda Heron showered floral tributes upon her) was made in the same character. And was it not as Hamlet that Miss Julia Tremayne, the Canadian tragédienne, faced her first English audience at Southampton in November 1870?

Among women Miss Julia Seaman takes rank as the first colloquial Hamlet. Thirty years ago she did valuable work as a pioneer of the new school in the provinces. In her efforts to popularise the Pechterian conception of the Prince, she bore her flaxen wig to many a victory. In England, as in America, Miss Seaman's greatest triumph was in the play-scene. She is living still, a confirmed invalid, and thinks she must have played Hamlet at least two hundred times.

A somewhat romantic appearance as Hamlet was that

a woman's record in the rôle. Making little or no pretence at aping masculinity, she offers her Hamlet rather as a psychological study than a vivid impersonation. For hours before Mrs. Bandmann Palmer appears in the part, she communes with herself in solitude.

A great deal more of melodrama that of psychology associated itself with Miss Clara Howard's presentation of the Prince, as seen at the New Imperial Theatre, Westminster, on Feb. 24 last. All the players in support laboured to drag down the tragedy to the level of the veriest spoutpiece sensational piece, underlining all the death and combat scenes, and acting with a stridency that became accentuated through the adventitious aid of commonplace melodramatic music. It was all very startling, but even in the poor abused provinces it would hardly be recognised as Shakspeare. A couple of months later, Miss Janette Steer, an artist of delightful womanly charm, assumed the character at Birmingham, and was enthusiastically received. And the cry is, "Still they come." W. J. L.

SOME WOMEN PLAYERS OF HAMLET.



MISS WINETTA MONTAGUE.



MISS CLARE HOWARD.



MISS JANETTE STEER.

Photo. Dourney.



MISS MARRIOTT.



MISS LOUISE POMEROY.



MISS CHARLOTTE COMPTON.



MRS. BANDMANN PALMER.



Photo. Gurney, New York.

MISS JULIA SEAMAN.



MISS OLIPH WEBB.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The first meet of the Four-in-Hand Driving Club for this season, at the Magazine in Hyde Park was attended by twenty-six of its members with their coaches and teams, conveying private parties of ladies and gentlemen. Some of them, after going round the Park, went on to Hurlingham or to Richmond for luncheon. The Earl of Anster, president of the club, led these amateurs of the whip and reins with his well-known team of black horses, while Sir Henry Ewart's and Colonel Somerset's chestnut teams, Lord Charles Beresford's greys—one pair dark, the other light—and many good bays and browns, equally well matched, gave a pleasing variety of colour to this fine show of the equine race in perfect training and beautiful harness. Some mixtures, with a piquant effect, including that of a grey, two chestnuts, and a skewball, driven by Lord Tredegar, were also to be observed. The Marquis of Winchester drove a team of bluish roan hue, which was unique in appearance. Among other noblemen driving were the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Iveagh, Lord Annaly, and Lord Farquhar. The Royal Horse Guards' coach was driven by Captain Fitzgerald, and that of the Coldstream Guards by Major Ferguson. It is arranged for July 6, in the evening, to meet at the Horse Guards and drive to dinner at the Crystal Palace. July 1 is appointed for the second meet of the Coaching Club.

We are indebted to the Hudson's Bay Company for the accompanying interesting photograph of a dog train with sleigh destined for the Klondike, and loaded with cases of Apollinaris water. The team of dogs represented had just been brought down from Dawson City by "Jack Cates," a rather well-known individual, who is standing at the head of the leader with a long overcoat on, and it is said that they are the best specimens of train huskies that have been seen at the coast. The dogs had been obtained by the company on the McKenzie River, the purchaser taking them across the Divide, down the Porcupine, and up the Yukon to Dawson, where they were sold for 1500 dollars. They are half dogs and half wolves. One animal was actually from a dog dam and a wild wolf sire; another from one of the half-breeds again bred to a wild wolf, and in appearance and characteristics is entirely wolf. When Captain Bonser was at Circle City the year before last, he managed to secure from an Indian an entire litter of wolf cubs, and these have been domesticated and trained as a dog team to be shown at the Paris Exhibition next year.

Recent rumours of German annexation in Tonga give special interest to the illustrations and notes sent by a correspondent, who writes as follows: "In the good old days, somewhat after the former manner of Japan, Tonga was governed by two Kings,

or ten, and two feet thick. These are filled in with earth, the second tier being then built a little smaller than the first, that in turn being filled in with earth, and so on. The graves above described, or Lagis, as the natives call them, have in the course of ages been entirely overgrown by trees. Many of the large trees, it will be seen, have with their roots actually displaced the huge blocks of which the Lagis are composed.

In 1840 H.M.S. *Favourite*, Captain Croker, arrived in Tonga. At that time the King of Tonga, Josiah Tubou, was at war with some of his rebellious subjects of the towns of Bea and Houma, and upon the *Favourite's* arrival, at the instance of the missionaries, Captain Croker intimated to the King his readiness to do anything in his power to terminate the war, and upon receiving a pressing letter from the missionaries on behalf of themselves and families, as British subjects, he agreed with the King to act as mediator, and as such drew up conditions of peace, which he proceeded to take to the fort at Bea. He was admitted into the fort, and had an interview with the chiefs, who expressed themselves favourable to them, but asked for time to confer with the other chiefs of the movement at other places. Before any message could have reached any of the other forts, Captain Croker, having got his guns within range of the stockade, put himself at the head of his men, saying, "Now, bluejackets, follow me!" As the party reached the stockade, a man struck at Captain Croker from inside, between the logs, with a spear. The Captain retired a few yards, and leant against a tree, where he was shot dead, eighteen of his men being severely wounded. The rest retired. We give a portrait of the man who so manipulated the spear. He is now very old, but still a fine-looking fellow, and no longer a heathen. His wife is depicted in another illustration, standing to the right of the door in a check shawl. The house is that of "Haafakafanua" ("the hero of the spear").

The third International Congress of Publishers was held last week in Stationers' Hall, Mr. John Murray presiding, and was attended by more than three hundred delegates from different cities and towns of Europe and America. They were entertained by the Stationers' Company with a dinner, at which Mr. James Bryce, M.P., and Mr. W. H. Lecky, M.P., spoke for English authors.

The President of the French Republic on Sunday last, in visiting the Longchamps racecourse, was guarded by such a strong force of police and soldiery as to prevent any repetition of the vile outrage inflicted or attempted upon his person at Auteuil on the Sunday before. Besides six thousand policemen, with hundreds of detectives, three thousand Republican Guards, a whole brigade of infantry, and twenty squadrons of cavalry were on duty in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne and on the racecourse. President Loubet, accompanied in the first of his three open carriages by M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, while Madame Loubet followed in the second carriage,



FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB MEET IN HYDE PARK.

Photographs by W. Thomas, Champside.

one the spiritual, the other the temporal monarch. During this system of government the spiritual, or Tui Tonga, as he was called, had absolutely unlimited power, so much so that if his august Majesty found a bone in his fish, and threw it over his left shoulder, the cook was instantly clubbed; if over his right, the attendants understood that he of the kitchen was forgiven. The Tongans have absolutely no history or even legend as to their origin, but in later times their power appears to have gradually diminished, until, in the temporal reign of Tubou Toa, the last Tui Tonga, by name Patafahi, died, about a hundred years ago, and was buried at Hihifo, on the island of Tongatabu. A great number of the Tui Tongas' graves, in a more or less ruinous state, are still in existence.

These graves follow the same general plan, and many of them cover over an acre of ground, and are built in two, three, four, or even five tiers or steps, each tier faced with huge slabs of coral rock—some of which measure thirty-two feet by nine



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY EWART'S COACH.

went and came back to the Elysée Palace unmolested, but faintly cheered. The numbers of people attending the race for the Grand Prix de Paris as spectators, or for the sake of fashion and gaiety, was very much less than usual. No demonstration hostile to the President and Government was attempted by the self-styled Patriotic or National faction, or by the agitators who had taken up the pretended cause of military prestige in the Dreyfus case.

In the meantime, Captain Dreyfus is on his voyage home to France, having sailed from Cayenne on board the cruiser *Sfax* on Saturday morning. He will arrive, probably, one day early in the week after next, and may be landed quietly, not at Brest, but at another port in Brittany, whence he will immediately be taken to Rennes for the new trial and acquittal by the court-martial appointed. Colonel Picquart is now at liberty and receiving the warm congratulations of his friends in Paris.



1. A Trilith of mysterious origin—the Cross-piece is morticed into the Uprights.

2. A Group of Natives.
3. A Native Grave.

4. A typical Native House.
5. The Man who thrust the Spear at the Slaying of Captain Croker in 1840.

SCENES IN THE TONGA ISLANDS.

From Photographs by Mr. R. D. Lee, British Vice-Consul, Tonga.

We publish a photograph of the garden-party given at the British Embassy at Rome by Lord and Lady Currie in honour of Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday. The King and Queen of Italy attended. All the members of the English colony were invited, and there was a large attendance of the diplomatic corps. The reception was brilliantly successful. The King and Queen, who arrived shortly before six, were received at the entrance to the garden by the Ambassador and his wife. His Majesty shook hands very cordially with Lord Currie, and Queen Margherita kissed Lady Currie, who presented her Majesty with a bouquet. The Queen also kissed Lady Currie's little niece.

About ten miles south-west of Reading, and within three miles of Mortimer Station, is the site of a large Romano-British city or town, which has been identified with the *Calleva* or *Calleva Atreblata* that begins or ends three and occurs in a fourth of the Antonine Itinerary. It is situated in the parish of Silchester, and comprises one hundred acres, chiefly of arable and pasture land, enclosed by the remains of the Roman wall, and nearly two miles in circumference. Casual excavations made in the last century showed that the foundations of houses and other Roman buildings lay buried a very little way beneath the surface, while the lines of the streets have long been noticed through differences in the colour of the crops growing

Rector of Strathfieldsaye. In 1890 the Silchester Excavation Fund was established for the systematic excavation of the whole area within the walls, a work that was begun and has since been carried on year by year.



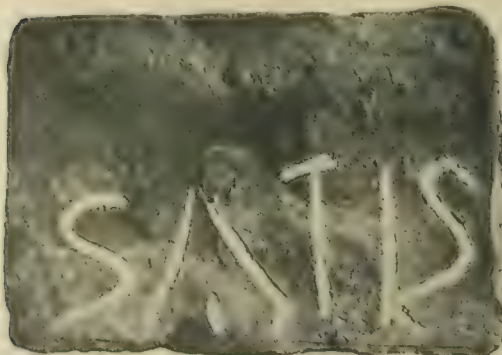
THE QUEEN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY AT ROME: THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY GARDEN-PARTY.

The excavations at Silchester for 1898 were begun on May 2, and continued, with the usual break during the harvest, until Nov. 26. Operations were confined to the south-west corner of the city, where an area of about eight acres had been reserved for the season's work. Among the finds was a well-planned house of early date and of the largest size, with fine hypocausts. To it is attached the workshop of some industry, with a large enclosure dependent on it, containing what appear to be two settling-tanks. The area of the courtyard of this house is partly underlaid by the remains of a much earlier one, of half-timbered construction, with a mosaic pavement of remarkable design in one of its chambers—a pavement

The popularity of Kew Gardens has been increased by the recent throwing open to the public of a part which the Crown had hitherto reserved as private. The gardens were formed in 1760 by the mother of George III., and in 1840 were made a national institution. Since then they have afforded Londoners and visitors to London a favourite resort. The newly opened area includes the picturesque Queen's Cottage, once used for picnics by the Royal family. It stands amid that beautifully informal portion of the grounds known as "the Wilderness." Visitors may now for a time quit the more formal walks of the botanic gardens for the walks and glades where Nature has her will.

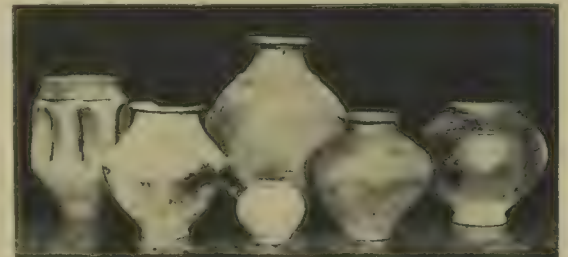
The Lakes of Killarney! Peerless in their beauty, they surely ought to be preserved for the benefit of all lovers of Irish scenery. An admirable suggestion to this effect is made by Mr. P. W. Crossley, of the Irish Tourist Development Company, Dublin. Mr. Crossley writes: "The famous estate of Muckross is for sale. This property comprises the chief scenic attractions of Killarney, including the principal lakes and islands, as well as deer forests, game preserves, Muckross Abbey, Torc

Waterfall, O'Sullivan's Cascade, Colleen Bawn Rocks, Lord Brandon's Cottage, the demesne and mansion, etc., all of which are world-famed, and are precious in the memory of Irishmen scattered all over the globe." To



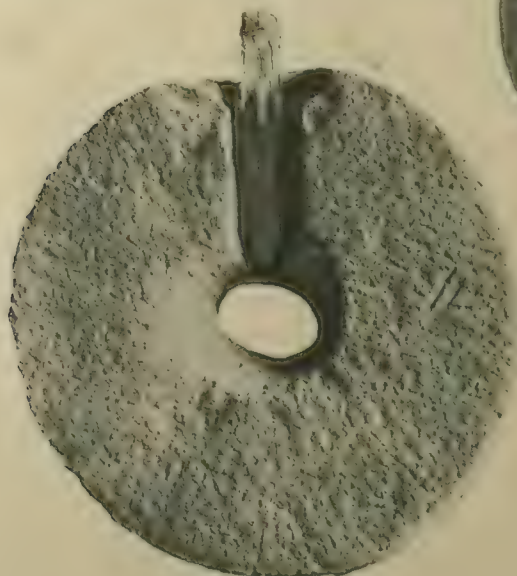
THE SILCHESTER EXCAVATIONS: A ROMAN BRICK.

over them—a peculiarity also recorded by Leland in the reign of Henry VIII., and other writers. The first regular excavations on the site were begun in 1861, at the expense of the then Duke of Wellington, by the Rev. J. G. Joyce,



POTTERY (PERIOD BETWEEN FIRST AND FIFTH CENTURIES).

preserve the estate for ever for Ireland—just as the public spirit of the Corporation of the City of London has preserved Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches for the Metropolis—Mr. Crossley suggests that a national fund shall be started, to be contributed to by Irishmen all the world over, to purchase Muckross, and to maintain the lovely meadows, lakes, and waterfalls for the public pleasure. It is on the cards that the Irish in America may buy the property—to turn it into a public park.



UPPER STONE OF A QUERN.



HUMAN REMAINS PARTLY CREMATED.

perhaps the earliest in date yet found in this country. The finds in bronze and bone do not call for any special notice, but an enamelled brooch of gilt-bronze with a curious paste intaglio, and several settings of rings may be mentioned. Among the iron objects are a well-preserved set of hooks, perhaps for hoisting barrels, and a curious pair of handcuffs or fetterlocks. From a pit was recovered an upper stone of a quern, still retaining its original wooden handle. The *insule* excavated are quite up to the average in point of interest, and their addition to the plan completes a very large section of the city. Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Lascelles and Co., 13, Fitzroy Street, W.



JEWELLERY.



VIEWS IN THE PART OF KEW GARDENS RECENTLY THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.



Duchess of Portland. Duke of Portland. Lord Hugh Cecil. Lord Salisbury. Mr. H. Chaplin. Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Countess Torby.
Marchioness of Granby. Duke of York. Lady Londonderry. Prince of Wales. Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Lord Edward Cecil. Duchess of York. Viscountess Cranborne.

THE PREMIER'S GARDEN PARTY AT HATFIELD.

The sun of Winchester's military greatness, after being eclipsed for nearly five years, is about to burst forth again with all its wonted power and brilliance. Military traditions cluster around Winchester in rich profusion, and the prospect of the early return of the two rifle corps—the King's Royal Rifles and the Rifle Brigade—to their own home is a matter upon which Wintonians and "Greenjackets" are equally delighted. So long a time was allowed to elapse between the date on which the old barracks were burned down Dec. 18, 1894—and the commencement of the work of reconstruction that it was feared the *dépôt* would never return to Winchester.

Under these circumstances, it is therefore not a matter for very much surprise that when the Prince of Wales visited the city on June 8 to lay the foundation-stone of the new joint-*dépôt* buildings, the inhabitants should have turned out in the fullness of all their numbers and accorded to his Royal Highness a welcome that demonstrated equally the fervour of their loyalty and the delight they experienced at the forthcoming transference of the *dépôt* establishments from Gosport to their own city. The Prince of Wales was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, who are the respective Colonels-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade and the King's Royal Rifles. Other notable riflemen present were his Serene Highness Prince Christian Victor, who is now serving in the 4th Battalion of King's Royal Rifles, General Sir Redvers H. Buller, V.C., Colonel-Commandant of the King's Royal Rifles, and General Lord Alexander Russell and Lieutenant-General Eltrington, the Colonels-Commandant of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Rifle Brigade.

The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone with a handsome silver-gilt trowel and other "working tools" of elaborate design and craftsmanship, which were presented to

Chapter in the Cathedral; Dean Farrar and Canon Mason, with the Mayor, Alderman Collard, taking part in the public ceremony. The monument consists of a shaft of grey granite, surmounted by a cross, upon a pedestal inscribed with a suitable record.

The most attractive rural nooks of Surrey and Sussex are exquisitely represented in a welcome new publication, "The South-Coast Quarterly"—really a bright guide for tourists travelling on the London and Brighton line. It is most daintily and artistically

got up by Mr. Percy Lindley, and is published at 30, Fleet Street, E.C.—the office from which Mr. Lindley has previously issued so many interesting handbooks in connection with the Great Eastern Railway.

An exhibition of the work of students of the

Technical Schools and Classes established by the City of London Guilds Institute, in connection with the Science and Art Department, was opened by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, on June 9, at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

At the recent distribution of prizes to the City of London School, Sir Henry Irving was present, and spoke upon the congenial topic of Shakspeare's place in the history of the English literature and language, there being special prizes, the gift of Mr. Beaufoy and Dr. Mortimer, for the study of this subject.

The German Emperor's energy is inexhaustible. The other morning, wearing the uniform of the Cuirassier Guards, he reviewed the Cuirassier and Second Uhland Guards at Tempelhof. The Emperor proceeded to the parade-ground at eight o'clock, and was followed an hour later by the Empress and the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden. After breakfasting in the Cuirassiers' barracks, the Kaiser changed into the uniform



THE NEW BARRACKS AT WINCHESTER AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BARRACKS AT WINCHESTER.

him as a memento of the occasion by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the City. The streets through which his Royal Highness passed on route from the railway station, and on his return journey thereto, were very effectively decorated. The Hampshire Carabiniers Yeomanry Cavalry furnished an excellently well-turned-out guard of honour under the command of Lord Ashburton.

The historical monument erected at Canterbury in memory of the forty-one Protestant martyrs put to death in the reign of Queen Mary was uncovered on Saturday by Lord George Hamilton, after an impressive religious service performed by the Dean and

of his Hussar Bodyguard, and forthwith ordered a sham fight of all the ten cavalry regiments of the Guards against the Hussars, the Cuirassiers, and two batteries. His Majesty was exceedingly gratified by the smartness of the troops.

A great fire on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, at the Ordnance Manufacture Department of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co.'s works at Elswick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, caused destruction of property and damage to the amount of £200,000, and has for a short time, probably, thrown two thousand workmen out of employment there.

Photo. Salomon, Winchester.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXIII.—TAWNY OWLS.

By LASCHELLS AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET.

The tawny owl is an inhabitant of the woods, and nests in holes of trees, as a rule; whereas its cousin, the barn-owl, is more civilised, and follows man as he clears the forest and builds his log cabin, with its accompanying mice and rats.

Favoured by glorious weather, the Royal Counties Agricultural Show was opened on June 5 at Windsor. Prince Christian, representing the Queen, performed the inaugural ceremony. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Viscount Bridport and Colonel the Hon. C. Elliot, drove to the show-yard in an open carriage, arriving at 1.30. At the Royal Pavilion the Prince was received by Mr. Beach, M.P., Sir Arthur Bigge, Sir John Soundy, Mayor of Windsor, several Aldermen, and the Town Clerk. After Mr. Beach had welcomed the Prince, his Royal Highness declared the show open, and in the course of his speech alluded to the former visit of the show to Windsor in 1872, when the exhibition covered a much smaller area. Lunch followed in the Royal Pavilion, and in the evening Prince Christian presided at the annual dinner of the Society. Among those who proposed toasts were Lord Pembroke and the Earl of Coventry.

The Thames as a pleasure resort has lately been exhaustively discussed by a correspondent to the leading daily newspaper. The writer shows that the Thames Conservancy Act of 1894 contains clauses practically dedicating the river to the public as a recreation ground, and he proposes the formation of a Thames Preservation League or some such society to secure the amenities of our favourite stream. The beauties of the Thames Valley, and especially of the view from Richmond Hill, are their own best commendation, but it was inevitable that many poets should sing their praise. We do well, however, to keep jealous watch lest anything should mar the scenes, and rob them of their inspiring qualities

The abortive termination last week of the conference between President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner, British Imperial High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of the Cape Colony, held at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, is much regretted. It has had a depressing effect upon South African shares and other securities,

on the Stock Exchanges and Bourses of Europe. Sir Alfred Milner's despatch to the Colonial Office, published on Saturday, relates the discussion as it proceeded from May 31 to June 5, when it was broken off, without any apparent unfriendly feeling on either side, upon a difference of opinion with regard to the extent and mode of admitting the Uitlanders, by naturalisation and registration, as citizens of the Transvaal Republic, to the exercise of the political franchise. It was proposed by President Kruger that persons already resident in the country for two years past should be enabled immediately to obtain naturalisation, and should thereupon,

after five years more, be entitled to the full franchise, with the legal qualification of property or rental; in the meantime having a vote for the election of the Second Volksraad, the Lower Chamber, which is subordinate to the First Volksraad, and which legislates chiefly upon matters of economical, commercial, and industrial interest, not upon affairs of State. This scheme was regarded by Sir Alfred Milner as insufficient to satisfy the demands of the Uitlanders, who would not be content to form an inferior class of half-citizens. An adverse meeting has been held at Johannesburg. Our last week's Illustrations of Bloemfontein were from photographs by Messrs. Wright and Andrew, Bloemfontein.



OPENING OF THE ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WINDSOR BY PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

Photo. Russell, Winton



"THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL."—BY C. E. JOHNSON.

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NOTES ON BOOKS.

Nelson's Friendships. By Mrs. Hilda Gamlin. With sixty illustrations, including many rare portraits. Two vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)
Memoirs of Sergeant Bourgogne (1812-13). Authorised translation from the French original by Paul Cottin and Maurice Hénault. With a frontispiece. (William Heinemann.)
The Life of Prince Bismarck. By William Jacks. (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.)
The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. Edited by Sir Wemyss Reid. With numerous illustrations. (Chassell and Co.)
The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. Two vols. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
The Sinking of the "Merrimac." By Richmond Pearson Hobson. (Fisher Unwin.)
The Philippines and Round About. By Captain G. J. Younghusband. (Macmillan.)
A Literary History of Ireland. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (Fisher Unwin.)

The late Mrs. Hilda Gamlin's "Nelson's Friendships"—mainly an attempt to prove the Platonic character of the hero's relations with Lady Hamilton—is more interesting than conclusive. It would have been less inconclusive if the author had been less intemperate in her zeal for Lady Hamilton and against Lady Nelson—a zeal so blinding that many of the documents quoted to the discredit of Lady Nelson and to the credit of Lady Hamilton appear to the reader rather to do honour to the wife and dishonour to the mistress. That this was the relationship in which Lady Hamilton stood to Nelson is so far from being disproved that it is again and again unintentionally suggested by these volumes; while the very portrait of Horatia—Vol. II., p. 237—the absolute image of the great Admiral, could leave no one for a moment in doubt of her paternity. The fine portraits of Nelson's friends in the two volumes add considerably to their interest.

No adventure-story ever written approaches in interest the appalling account of the retreat from Moscow given by Sergeant Bourgogne in his "Memoirs" of his own share of its horrors. Poe himself could not invent horrors more ghastly, nor describe them more graphically and circumstantially. Multiply a thousandfold this single experience of the Sergeant's, and you have an idea of the nightmare-like dreadfulness of the record: "I saw three men round a dead horse; two of them staggered about as if they were drunk. The third, a German, lay on the horse; the poor wretch, dying of hunger and being unable to cut the flesh, was trying to bite it. He soon afterwards died where he was of cold and hunger. The two others, Hussars, were covered with blood about the hands and mouth. We spoke to them, but they did not answer; they looked at us, laughing in a horrible way, and then sat down close to the dead man, where they no doubt fell into the last fatal sleep." And yet the pity of the survivor of these horrors is given, not to the tens of thousands who endured them, but to the one man who inflicted them! "When Picard saw Napoleon at the crossing of the Bérézina wrapped in a great fur-lined cloak, a purple velvet cap on his head, and a stick in his hand, he wept, saying, 'Look at our Emperor on foot! So great as he is, so proud as we always were of him!'"

Mr. William Jacks' "Life of Prince Bismarck" has no *raison d'être*—not that even which it claims as "the first consecutive Life of the Chancellor written in the English language." Surely Mr. Charles Lowe's excellent biography is all, and, to say the truth, much more than all, that Mr. Jacks can claim for this too, too solid volume, which yet lacks the advantage usually correlated with solidity—accuracy. Mr. Jacks is inaccurate even while impugning the accuracy of his predecessors, and upon a point of crucial importance—the historic interview between the victor and vanquished Emperors at Sedan. All the accounts of it hitherto published, Mr. Jacks insists, must be purely imaginary, since, "as it was held in absolute privacy, nothing really authentic is known of it." But what in all history could be more really authentic than the account of this interview given by the Emperor William himself and recorded by his son in his diary?

Yet more interesting and opportune as a subject of biography is that moral and political antithesis of Bismarck, William Ewart Gladstone. The English statesman is so encyclopaedic that Sir Wemyss Reid has had, like the editor of a dictionary of biography, to distribute the work of writing his life among a host of collaborators. Mr. F. W. Hirst is responsible for the excellently done political section, and Sir Wemyss Reid for a general appreciation of Gladstone's character and career, and for an account of his closing days; his early years fall to the share of Mr. Alfred Robins; Mr. Arthur Butler deals with him as a scholar; Canon MacColl as a theologian; Mr. Tuckwell as a critic; Mr. Henry Lucy as an orator; Mr. G. W. E. Russell treats of his social life; while his home life has been naturally and happily entrusted to one of the family, whose name is withheld. From such a symposium you can hardly expect a coherent biography, but the result is a composite photograph of singular interest and value.

William Morris also was a many-sided man, who felt even more deeply than Gladstone, and laboured in his own way no less earnestly to lighten "the burden of the

mystery, the heavy and weary weight of all this unintelligible world." His Socialism was of the heart, springing out of a divinely deep and tender pity for the poor. "On one of her latest visits," writes Mr. J. W. Mackail, to whom we owe this most interesting biography, "Lady Burue-Jones tells me, he burst into tears when something was said about the hard life of the poor"; and, indeed, he died a martyr to his enthusiasm for humanity. "I have no hesitation," his family doctor wrote to Mr. Mackail, "in saying that he died a victim to his enthusiasm for spreading the principles of Socialism." In truth, this is a biography of a beautiful soul which tried to express itself in life as nobly and amply as through the less intractable mediums of poetry and of art. We can pay Mr. Mackail no higher compliment than to say that his work is worthy of his subject; nor can we pay a higher compliment to its publishers than to say that the get-up of the book, its paper, print, and illustrations, are such as would have delighted the founder of the Kelmescott Press himself.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, Naval Constructor, U.S.N., has hardly a felicitous imagination. His sense of the fitness of things is at fault. "The Sinking of the Merrimac" was an exploit which had something of a thrill for the world, and it is one of the things which may well stand in the contemporary mind with some measure of vividness; but when its hero enters into detail to the extent of three hundred and more pages he runs considerable



"CLOSING THE LINK."—BY CESARE FORMILLI.

Now on Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

danger of spoiling the effect. There are incidents which tell themselves, and further elaborate detail is anticlimax. Mr. Hobson's plain tale goes very much too far. But it will interest the ladies who kissed him, tried to do so, or wished to do so.

Captain Younghusband gaily hopes at the close that literary beef-eaters and those who prefer the light pastry of conversational narrative will have found something to their liking in "The Philippines and Round About." It is mainly "light pastry." Captain Younghusband is no serious, deep-observing historian. He chats as concernedly about cigars, coffees, ship-board baths, saloon notices, and the characteristics of Chinese and Japanese washermen as about the graver matters which have lately brought the Philippines into prominence. The whole might well be a series of light specials from one's morning paper. It serves a passing purpose very tolerably. It is a book for the train or the chatty newspaper office when Philippine topics are in evidence, but hardly for the select and permanent library.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's new book is really much more than "A Literary History of Ireland." Even to say that it deals largely in ethnology and social story, as well as literary record, is not to sum up its aspects. In a broad, spirited way it suggests the inner moods and the spiritual history of Ireland through many centuries of "the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael." At three or four stages it dwells upon matters of very large literary interest—the heroic cycle, for instance, is at the lowest as important as the "Nibelungenlied" or the Arthurian stories—but many other matters, of legend, folk-tale, bard, and ballad, give the

reader a keen desire for a more intimate acquaintance with this literary Ireland—a desire to go direct to the materials, and know the deeper life of Dr. Hyde's people. A good deal of the literature is purely objective, more joyous, more robust than one would gather from some who generalise nowadays upon the Celtic spirit. Parts of Dr. Hyde's ground have been crossed and recrossed by other specialists; no one hitherto has covered the general field to this extent. The work should do much to popularise Irish studies, and it is probably the forerunner of other books, more critical and interpretative than historical.

ART NOTES.

The members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club have organised for themselves and their private friends an exhibition of works of art, of which the quality is unimpeachable as the variety is bewildering. The place of honour is worthily accorded to an almost unknown work by Sir Joshua Reynolds—the portrait of Miss Long, afterwards Mrs. Harding. The picture is not wholly unknown, as it was long ago very inadequately engraved; but for upwards of half a century its whereabouts was never suspected. It was bequeathed by Lord Selkirk to the late Lord Clanricarde, and it has remained in the possession of the family of the latter up to the present. Miss Long was a lady of singular beauty and stately grace,

unless Reynolds has flattered her to an unusual degree. Naturally he has impressed upon her the special traits of his own idea of beauty; but one feels that in this instance he was painting one who nearly realised it. This truly remarkable portrait hangs, between a landscape by Reynolds and another by Gainsborough, the latter a version of "The Cottage Door," and the former one of the artist's *tour de force*, probably painted shortly after his return from Italy, when he showed his friends and pupils how Titian might have treated English landscape. These two interesting pictures belong to Mr. James Knollys, who also lends two charming water-colours by Turner, and a bit of real old Paris by Girtin. Mr. J. S. Forbes sends four or five of his best specimens of Corot and Millet, Bastien le Page is represented by one of his most pleasant works, and Mr. Algernon Swinburne shows that his sympathies in painting are wide enough to embrace Turner and Rossetti. Amongst the Old Masters the gem of the room is a brilliant "Holy Family," ascribed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, a native of Perugia and a contemporary of Perugino and Benozzo Gozzoli, with both of whom he had much in common. This work, which belongs to Mr. George Salting, is in very much better preservation than the same artist's picture in the National Gallery.

The display of beaten and repoussé silver work by Mr. Gilbert Marks is a pleasant diversion from the ordinary exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. Mr. Marks comes of an artistic stock, having for his uncles Frederick Walker and Stacey Marks, two men widely different in style, but united by a passionate love of the beauty of nature. Mr. Gilbert Marks' designs are a revolt against the hideous, commonplace work with which our silversmiths have so long been satisfied, or have been content to palm off on the public as the best work of which English designers were capable. But, as we know, it is difficult to gauge the taste of even the greatest authorities on art matters. It is only a short time ago that the South Kensington authorities were exhibiting as a masterpiece of the silversmith's art a hansom cab! Mr. Marks descends to no such puerilities; he has a high standard of taste, and he seeks in flowers and fruits designs which are in themselves applicable to the objects in view. His books, vases, salvers, and caskets—of which the former have a style of their own—are distinguished by various patterns, which Mr. Marks designates as the poppy, rose, apple-tree, blackberry, and similar names, which indicate the form of decoration given. Occasionally he attempts something more Japanese in treatment—with fish in water—but as a rule he limits himself to simpler models. It is so rare to find the artist combined with the craftsman that one values work such as Mr. Marks produces, and we trust it will be properly appreciated by amateurs.

To those to whom Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forging the Anchor" is familiar, the work of Signor Cesare Formilli, "Closing the Link," which we have engraved this week, will afford an interesting study between two very different schools of painting. Signor Formilli, although he has taken up his abode in this country, preserves in his painting a good many of the characteristics of his compatriots. His method of treatment differs altogether from Mr. Stanhope Forbes', for he does not attempt to convey the sense of muscular strength stretched to its utmost, which marked the Englishman's work. He relies more exclusively upon the pictorial side of the chain-forging's life, and is content with the contrasts afforded by the blazing furnace and the surrounding gloom. Signor Formilli has sought to infuse his work with the spirit of patient rather than Titanic labour. There is, too, a happy touch of characterisation in the somewhat uncertain eagerness of the apprentice, as contrasted with the sure and easy confidence of the older craftsman.

THE CHRONICLES OF LUTETIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"What have you done with your horse?" said an Arab Sheikh to his visitor. "I have left it outside, to the care of Allah," was the answer. "That's right, my son," remarked the host; "but go and tether the animal first, and then leave it to the care of Allah." The French Government last Sunday evidently acted upon the advice of the Arab chief: they made a second Royalist display impossible by their exhibition of armed force, and then left the rest to the good sense (?) of the Orleansist and Legitimist would-be reformers. The irony of having to call out a small army in order to insure peace on a popular holiday, and to guard the Chief Magistrate against threatened violence, does not argue well for the tascination of democratic institutions, or, to speak by the card, for the potentiality of democratic institutions for converting the opponents of them; but, after all, the Republicans showed that they had learnt something which the Royalists had forgotten to learn.

On July 28, 1830—namely, two days before the Revolution which put an end to the Bourbon dynasty for ever—the Prince de Broglie, the then Governor of St. Cyr, and the father of the present Duke, came to see Charles X., and communicated to the King his fears of an uprising. "Don't be uneasy," was the monarch's reply. "Polignac" (the then Prime Minister) "has been reassured by a vision of the Virgin: everything'll be all right." MM. Loubet, Krantz, Dupuy, and Blanc—respectively, the President of the Republic, the War Minister, the Premier, and the Prefect of Police—had probably no such vision as was vouchsafed to the last of the Bourbon Kings; if they had, they would, perhaps, be too sceptical to trust to it with regard to the bodily safety of themselves and about two millions of modern Lutetians whose ancestors under such circumstances might have been satisfied.

Nevertheless, those who are best competent to judge aver that a considerable upheaval, though this time nipped in the bud, is not among the impossibilities in the near future. They say, with how much truth I know not, that Dreyfus's acquittal, which is no longer even problematical, but practically certain, will be the signal for a concerted attempt in at least four of the principal cities of France, including the capital, at massacring the Jews. I give the gossip for what it is worth, though not personally sharing the same fears.

I wonder whether it has struck Englishmen as odd that among those held up to execration by some and to admiration by others, two of the principal actors in the latter acts of the Dreyfus drama—as distinct from the denouement—have escaped notice. MM. Boisdere, Mercier, Esterhazy, and Paty de Clam are already coming in for their just share of reprobation, but what about Cavaignac, the Minister for War, who, in spite of Colonel Picquart's warning, not only maintained that Dreyfus was a traitor, but took care to have his opinion to that effect posted up in the thirty-six thousand communes of France? Colonel Picquart himself is entitled to all the praise he has already received and is likely to receive; and of Emilio Zola it would be impossible to speak or to write in too enthusiastic terms. But what about M. Scheurer-Kestner, the ex-Vice President of the Senate, who, I hear, is rather seriously ill; and, above all, what about M. Henri Brisson, of whom, without for a moment depreciating the work of the others, it may truly be said that the first-named was in reality the pioneer of the movement, and the other put the coping-stone to it by his obstinate and dauntless refusal to be bullied and brow-beaten into letting "revision" slide by the majority of his Ministerial colleagues, not to mention the hostile and obdurate opposition of the late M. Felix Faure? Truly there should be some very public recognition of the share of MM. Scheurer-Kestner and Brisson in the matter, all the more that not one of them in the beginning believed in Alfred Dreyfus's innocence.

And there is a third personage, whose task is not yet finished and who for nearly five years has not ceased to proclaim his unwavering belief in Alfred Dreyfus's guiltlessness. I am alluding to Maitre Demange, the eminent barrister, whom we shall hear once more next month or in the beginning of August, and to whose pleasant lot it will fall to speak the happy tag to that horrible tragedy. Of course Maitre Demange was, theoretically, supposed to believe that Dreyfus had not committed treason; he was not compelled to maintain through thick and thin the plea he had advanced at the court-martial. But he did, and he is all the more entitled to admiration, seeing that he does not belong to *une famille de robe*, but to *une famille d'épée*, and that, moreover, his father-in-law, General Ambert, who, if I am not mistaken, is alive, is, though a magnificent soldier and patriot, inclined to think that "the army can do no wrong."

The overthrow of the Dupuy Ministry is the latest development of the seditious movement begun by the Royalists at Auteuil, and the checkmating of which was so effectually accomplished on the day of the Grand Prix at Longchamps. It proved to Royalists, Imperialists, and Socialists alike that the retired Minister is a strong man—stronger, perhaps, than any Republican, with the exception, possibly, of M. Constans, the actual French Ambassador at Constantinople. And this strength is the head and front of M. Dupuy's offending, not only in the eyes of the adherents to the fallen régime, but to the Socialists and advanced Republicans generally. The vote which compelled M. Dupuy's retirement is not susceptible of any other explanation.

This is practically the preface to my new venture, which is to replace "Anecdotal Europe." I have merely introduced the personages who for the next few months are likely to "loom very large" upon the world's stage, called "Paris." I shall describe them more minutely as opportunity serves me.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, H. COURTNEY FOX.—The amended version seems correct, and shall appear. H. HENRY (Bexley).—Thanks; it shall receive your attention. H. J. M. (Trincomalee).—We have seen the problem before, but cannot say where. We think it is in "American Chess Notes." S. R. ANDREWS (Cheltenham).—We are quite sure that one he is deprived of your information, your friend will shrink to his proper proportions, and not trouble our list of solvers again. PROBLEMS received with thanks from T. Keates and George Stillingfleet Johnson.

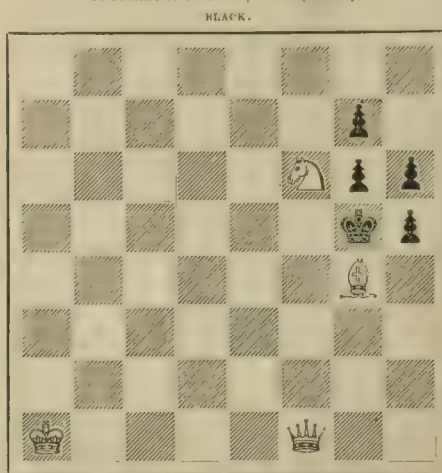
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2874 received from James R. Wain, George E. Heddson, and Henry M. Warren (Dunstable, Michigan); of No. 2874 from Dr. Goldsmith; of No. 2875 from W. McMillan, T. C. D. (Dublin), T. Carr (Göttingen), C. E. H. (Clifton), F. J. Vandy (Norwood), Albert Larraz (Barr), Edward M. Fyson (Higham), W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), C. E. Perugini, and Jacob Verrall (Hodmell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2876 received from Henry A. Donovan (Liskeard), Simon Dale (Dover), I. Desanges, J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), W. M. Kelly, M. D. (Worthing), Edward M. Fyson (Higham), Marcella (Cambridge), H. Le Jeune, P. J. Vandy (Norwood), C. E. H. (Clifton), W. McMillan, Julia Short (Exeter), T. C. D. (Dublin), W. R. B. (Clifton), George Stillingfleet Johnson (Colham), Miss D. Gresson, Albert Wolff (Putney), S. R. Andrews (Cheltenham), Alpha, T. Keates (Hospice), F. Harrison (Liverpool), T. Roberts, A. McLeod (Edin.), F. Bailey, F. H. Evans (Cheltenham), Thomas Purnell (Manchester), Henry Madsen (Portobello), M. A. Eyre (Kilkestone), Shadforth, Sorrento, S. Davis (Leicester), C. E. Perugini, R. Wooters (Canterbury), Edith Corser (Highgate), J. S. Ford (Highbury), F. W. C. (Edgworth), Charles Burnett (Wexford), E. H. Eford (Cheltenham), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), D. R. B. (Oban), F. Glanville, F. J. S. (Hampstead), J. F. Moon, and Hereward.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2875.—By G. T. HICKS.

WHITE. P to Kt 6th (ch)
1. K to Kt 2nd K takes Kt
2. K to Kt 3rd
3. K to Kt 4th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2878.—By C. W. (Sunbury).



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between the Chess Clubs of Frankfurt and Dresden.

(Ray Lopez).

WHITE (Frankfurt). BLACK (Dresden).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles K takes P
5. P to Q 4th B to K 2nd
6. P to Q 5th Kt to Q 3rd
7. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
Another common continuation is B takes Kt, K takes B, P takes P, Kt to Kt 2nd, etc., on well-known lines.
8. K takes Kt P to Q 3rd
9. Kt to B 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
10. K takes P P to Q 3rd
11. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
12. Kt to Q 4th B to B 3rd
13. Kt to K 4th B takes Kt
14. Q takes B B to B 4th
15. Kt to Kt 3rd
The attacker of the Pawn to gain time was considered good. Now White goes on with the direct attack to P to K 4th.
16. B takes P
17. P to K 4th Kt to Q 2nd
18. Q to Q 4th Kt to K 3rd
19. Q to Q 3rd Kt to Q 6th
20. R to K 3rd
The players for Frankfurt considered this a fine move, threatening B to Kt 5th, followed by Kt to B 6th (ch), etc.
21. B to Kt 5th P to K 4th
22. B to K 5th Q to Kt 3rd
23. B to K 6th (ch) P takes Kt
24. B to K 3rd Q takes R P
25. B to Kt 3rd Q to R 5th
26. P to B 3rd
The players for Dresden considered this a fine move, threatening B to Kt 5th, followed by Kt to B 6th (ch), etc.
27. B to Kt 5th P to K 4th
28. B to K 5th Q to Kt 3rd
29. B to K 6th (ch) P takes Kt
30. B takes P (dis. ch) Kt to Kt 5th
If Kt to Kt 3rd, the Queen is lost by R to R 3rd.
31. P takes Kt P takes P
32. B to K 7th B to K 2nd
33. B takes P P to K 4th
34. P to Q 4th R takes B
White resigns.
Because R takes B, Black wins by R to R 3rd. This well-considered game, like many others, ends with a slip.

CHESS BY TELEPHONE.

Game played between two Swedish towns.

(Queen's Gambit declined).

WHITE (Hjörning). BLACK (Randers).
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th R to K 2nd
5. P to R 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
A good many players prefer Q Kt to Q 2nd, afterwards developing the Bishop by P to K 3rd. The Knight has an particular escape after 5. Kt to Q 3rd.
6. Kt to K 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
7. B takes P K takes Kt
8. B takes B
White would get here a very promising attack by simply continuing B to Q Kt 5th, threatening to win the exchange at any cost. A number of interesting continuations appear possible afterwards. In any case, the exchange of the Bishop helps Black to get his Knight well into play, and on this ground alone should have been avoided.
9. K takes B
The death of the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell, which occurred on June 3, takes away one of the last survivors of a famous group which in the late 'fifties frequented Stare's rooms in Rathbone Place, and were later to be found congregated in the Divan. The names of Barnes, Boden, Bird, Healey, Campbell, Falkbeer, De Vere, Wisker, and Wormald spring to memory as one recalls Mr. MacDonnell's career, for with each of them he was at one good fellow and worthy foe. His successes were not always the measure of his skill, but he could give the very best a keen fight, and nobody was secure against one of his sudden and impetuous onsets. He had all the ardour of his race, and his love of a good story came only next to his love of a good game. He was clever also as a writer, and few more interesting sketches have ever appeared than his "Chess-Lit. Pictures" and "The Kings and Knights of Chess." As a "Mars," he edited with great skill the chess column in the *Standard*, and his career, as well as his life, were for always made its reading interesting. His death takes away a striking personality, and leaves another of the last vanishing links that bind to-day with one of the brightest periods of English Chess.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

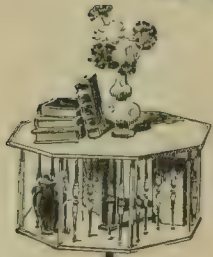
A letter was recently published in the *Times* which should attract the attention not only of the travelling public, but, what is much more to the point, the notice of our great steam-ship companies also. Written by a voyager in a line of Cape steamers, the letter dealt with the question of the housing of consumptives on board vessels. The writer had to share a cabin with a patient, and his description of his voyage, it must be confessed, is anything but pleasant reading. There are certain lines of steamers—notably those which sail to the Cape and Australia—which are, of course, more likely to be patronised by sufferers in search of health than other lines. I think something might and ought to be done by the steam-ship companies to ensure that healthy passengers shall not be compelled to share cabins with consumptives. The matter is serious enough in face of all we know regarding the possibility of infection arising from close contact with a patient through the diffusion of the bacilli of the disease into the air when the expectoration becomes dried. This risk is great enough on land, and under conditions in which one can escape, to a degree, from the environment. But on board ship a traveller is tied to his cabin for the voyage, and must remain, if chance so wills it, in close contact with a consumptive who, very likely, as a voyager for health, is in a perilous state. The risks of infection, under such circumstances, must be infinitely greater than at home.

It may be said that it would be highly difficult for a steam-ship company to provide separate accommodation for consumptives, but I confess I fail to appreciate the force of this remark. In the first place, if a man developed on board an infectious disease, the surgeon would very speedily make arrangements to quarantine him in a separate part of the ship. And in the next place, it should be an easy matter to ascertain that passengers have a clean bill of health before they are allowed to book their berths. For instance, a declaration might be made by each passenger that he or she is in good health. To this proceeding no reasonable objection could be taken. When the public knew that this plan is designed to secure safety for all, they would eagerly approve of the principle involved by lending their countenance to the means for ensuring that safety. The steam-ship line which would inaugurate such a practice would be certain to benefit by it in the long run. Then as to the consumptives themselves. For patients, there might be special cabins set apart in each grade. There would be isolation without in any sense restricting their movements elsewhere on board, and in such specially reserved cabins, it would be the doctor's business to see that all necessary arrangements for disinfection were duly carried out, and that after the voyage had ended, the cabins themselves were thoroughly and scientifically cleaned. I regard this matter as an all-important one from a public health point of view. No one would care to occupy a cabin, for, say, six weeks, which had previously been tenanted by a consumptive patient, the cabin in all probability never having been disinfected, and the bacilli liable to be found in its walls. Therefore, let our steam-ship companies look to their voyagers as I have suggested, and advance with the times in this important matter of disease-prevention.

From time to time, in the course of the holiday season, I have given hints regarding the wise utilisation of our leisure time, and it may therefore be well to remind my readers of the very excellent system now in vogue whereby the railway companies publish and send free of charge admirably compiled lists of country and seaside lodgings and houses. For instance, there lies before me a very nicely got-up and illustrated book issued by the Great Northern Railway Company, which not only describes that magnificent highway to the north and east, but gives complete lists of apartments, number of rooms, distances from station and sea, in all the counties and districts—from Bedfordshire to Norm, and from Norfolk to the Isle of Man—served by this line. Anything more complete in the way of a guide to the holiday-maker I have not seen, and in addition there is a very complete hotel list included within the pages of this wonderful book. This is improvement the first. A second feature is that whereby baggage may be sent on before us in advance and delivered at residences at a very nominal cost, and all the worry and trouble of waiting at a busy station on arrival are avoided. I am surprised that holiday-makers do not take greater advantage of this system—admirably organised on the Great Northern Railway—than is the case, but I suppose that it takes time for the average Britisher to get into the habit of parting with his portmanteau, and of learning to know the value of such a system of conveying luggage ahead of him.

Let me here also say a word in praise of the railway arrangements to the North which take their origin at King's Cross. I know of no more luxurious system of travelling than that represented in the corridor-trains of this company. The third-class traveller is catered for on a scale which would have opened our eyes less than twenty years ago. From a health point of view, all such improvements as are represented in cushioned carriages, constructed on principles calculated to lessen vibration, are invaluable. You arrive at your journey's end in a comfortable state, free from the tired feeling that betokened a temporary attack of "railway spine" in the old days of hard cushions and short carriages. Then the facilities which this great main line offers in the way of tourist and week-end fares are unrivalled. The Londoner can leave London on a Friday and spend his week end in the North, returning as late as the following Tuesday at a single fare, and I am glad to be able to add that the canny Scot is now enabled to return the compliment to his English friends, and to leave his borders for the South (to London and elsewhere) and return on similar terms. Truly there is no lack of enterprise nowadays in railway affairs, and holiday-makers have no reason to complain that a short purse implies a stay at home. I hope the day is far distant when the State will absorb our railways. There are some things better managed on competitive lines, and a railway is among them.

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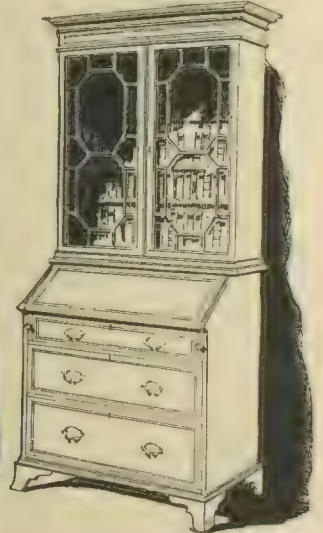
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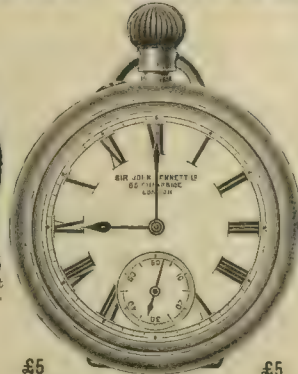
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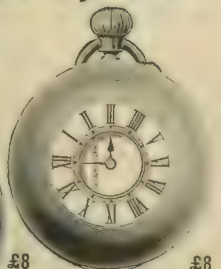
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LADIES' PAGE.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales signalled the brief return to social functions that is all we are to expect from her this year by wearing a singularly beautiful toilette, black silk and net entirely covered with sparkling jet paillettes, at the Drawing-Room which she held on behalf of the Queen on June 9. Her presence as usual stimulated the

undertaken by the Duchess of Fife, who was dressed, according to her custom, with great simplicity, in an écarlate polonaise over mauve silk with round toque to match. H.R.H. tastefully selected some mauve orchids to match her gown from Mrs. George Alexander's flower-stall. Perhaps the most original feature of the bazaar was also the most popular—a "palm lounge," kept delightfully cool on a hot day by the aid of plenty of shading and abundance of ice.

A forthcoming affair of the same kind, the bazaar organised by the Duchess of Portland and other ladies of rank on behalf of Charing Cross Hospital, bids fair to rival the famous one of last year at the Hotel Cecil. Princess Louise (of Lorne) will preside in person at a stall. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg is special patroness of another stall, and will herself supply a large part of its wares. Half the peage is expected to be present in the Albert Hall on the occasion, 21st and 22nd of this month.

It would be hard to find anything prettier and at the same time more simple than the muslin gown for Ascot wear illustrated this week. The yoke and foot-trimming are made of tiny quillings of muslin round lace insertion. The sash, originally arranged as a sort of bolero, is of a dainty ribbon that has a black border and coloured flowers brocaded down the centre. The toque harmonises, being of black and white tulle trimmed with osprey. The other illustration is of a spotted foulard trimmed with that tiny black velvet ribbon of which such thousands of yards are being used this season, run on to edge black lace insertions, white lace interposing on the dress between the bands thus formed. The yoke is of tucked chiffon, edged, as is the skirt, with frills of white lace. The white hat is trimmed with tulle rosettes and feathers, relieved by black lace.

Those many readers who delight in Sainsbury's perfumes—their lavender-water, renowned for nearly a century, as well as their more recent but not less individually excellent productions—will be interested to hear that, after an occupation of their well-known house in the Strand for sixty years, the firm have at last removed, and are in future to be found at 136, Regent Street. They continue there also to be the agents of some of the leading French bonbon-makers, whose delicious productions, so prettily boxed, cannot be obtained elsewhere than at Messrs. Sainsbury's in this country.

I hope many of my readers intend to be present at the week of meetings of the International Congress of Women. It will be a really noteworthy event. It must be held, rather unfortunately, in three separate places, since so numerous are the subjects and speakers that five different

and distinct sets of meetings will be going on simultaneously throughout the week. Each day will have separate meetings, organised respectively by the Educational, the Professional, the Industrial, the Political, and the Social Sectional Committees. This would matter less if all were under one roof, so that after listening to the paper or the speaker who specially interested you in one section you could go on to another section under the same roof to find your next choice. That was how matters were



A SPOTTED FOULARD TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET.

attendance in the diplomatic and Court circles, and the whole affair was unusually brilliant.

One of the handsomest and most original Court gowns seen this season was that worn by the Duchess of Newcastle. It was of a rich, soft red, bordering on the tone known as Pompeian; the dress of velvet in this colour, embroidered with red paillettes, was redeemed from any suspicion of heaviness by the light effect of the train, which was one of the new transparent kind. The surface was red chiffon embroidered all over in a trellis-work of chenille and beads and paillettes, the lining also being chiffon, and the train bordered with full soft tulle flounces, all red. With this notable gown her Grace wore superb rubies and diamonds. Equally lovely was the effect of a chiffon train in the exquisite gown worn by the Countess of Darnley, which was of silver-white chiffon embroidered with silver thread and lined with white chiffon, huge kilted puffs of which projected beyond and supported the train round the edges, above a dress of white satin trimmed with old Brussels point and chiffon. Her splendid emerald ornaments contrasted beautifully with the white and silver dress.

Embroideries were seen in ever new varieties. On the Duchess of Northumberland's Court gown was a tunic that fell Princess fashion from the décolletage to the hem, forming a peplum point near the feet, of black chiffon, so heavily embroidered as to bear the appearance of Spanish rose point lace from a short distance; this fell over a black kilted chiffon petticoat, and was accompanied by a satin train lightly embroidered at the edges in a floral design. It was an example of how stylishly a black dress can be made. Black and white, so popular elsewhere, appeared largely at Court, one of the happiest examples being a black mousseline-de-soie petticoat with an overdress of white lace in deep Vandyke points, and a train of black satin brocaded with white lilies.

A feature of the season is the renaissance of the bazaar. This form of entertainment was discredited by reason of multitude and mismanagement a few years ago, but the immense success of the Press Bazaar last year has naturally revived the function. It was made clear that no other way of raising money is half so effective as that mixture of trade and charity, with close contact with peeresses and stage celebrities in their smartest, most up-to-date frocks thrown in. Among many, the "Streets and Squares Bazaar" at the new Hotel Grand Central, on behalf of St. Mary's Hospital, was fairly successful; but the large amount asked for, £70,000, to complete the Clarence Wing, would not be nearly attained. The opening was



A PRETTY MUSLIN GOWN FOR ASCOT WEAR.

arranged at the last of these Congresses, at Chicago in 1893, where the huge "Art Palace," with its thirty rooms, was given up entirely to the meetings. But here the sections meet simultaneously in places as far distant from one another as Westminster Town Hall, Victoria Street; St. Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross; and the Convocation Hall, Church House, Westminster Abbey. One payment of seven-and-sixpence makes any lady a "member" of the Congress, entitled to attend any and all of the meetings.

To show how difficult the selection may often be amongst the subjects and the personalities of the speakers, here is the list of what will be going forward on Tuesday morning, June 27—the Congress having been inaugurated the preceding evening by a public reception of the foreign delegates by the President, the Countess of Aberdeen, at Westminster Town Hall. On the Tuesday, between ten and half-past one, you may select from the following programmes—

Westminster Town (large) Hall, Lady Aberdeen presiding: topic, "Child-life and Training." Papers on "The Psychology of Childhood," by two men (though it is called a woman's congress, it is really not so; the one at Chicago was) and one lady—namely, Professor Barnes, of America, Miss Macmillan, and M. le Conseiller Machado, Portugal. This is followed by a paper on "Education as a Preparation for Life," by Mrs. Peck, U.S.A., and by papers on "The Connection between Home and School Life," by Mrs. Boomer, Canada, and the Hon. Canon Lyttelton; so three men and three women speak at this particular meeting of a Congress of Women.

The extraordinary rush to the principal hotels in London this summer gives the handsome new caravanserais of the West End a golden opportunity. The palatial Queen's, in Leicester Square, has profited from the overflow at the Métropole and the Cecil. Another sumptuously beautiful London hotel is the Great Central, designed by Colonel Edis, F.S.A., and adjoining the imposing new railway terminus in the Marylebone Road. The art of furnishing with the utmost degree of comfort and elegance is carried out to perfection at both these admirable hotels by Messrs. Maple and Co. Opened on Wednesday, the Hotel Great Central is noticeable for the rare beauty of its drawing-room, the grandeur of its large dining-hall, the spaciousness of its covered courtyard, and the home comforts of its numerous bed-rooms. Boasting one of the healthiest sites, moreover, the Hotel Great Central, situated very near Hyde Park, certainly deserves to become very popular.

FLORENA.



ARMY POLO CUP PRESENTED BY THE LONDON POLO CLUB.

The final tie for this valuable trophy was decided at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, when the Irish Riding Dragons defeated the 10th Hussars by six goals to three. The cup is of solid silver, heavily gilt, of the Georgian period, with richly chased acanthus-leaf ornamentation, and stands upon an embossed plinth. The solid silver salver, which is also heavily gilt, has a handsomely chased border to match the cup. The articles, which were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, London, do full justice to the reputation of the firm.



CASKET TO BE PRESENTED, WITH THE FREEDOM OF GRIMSBY, TO MR. WILLIAM GRANGE, TOWN CLERK.

The artistic beauty of the silversmith's art is not exhausted on the caskets in which the Freedom of London is presented to illustrious Princes and distinguished Generals. The exquisite finish which characterises the art-work of Messrs. Elkington, the eminent silversmiths of Regent Street, adds value to the casket in which the Freedom of Grimsby is to be presented to Mr. William Grange for the services he has rendered that borough for fifty years as Town Clerk. With this acceptable gift it is to be presented the Academy portrait of Mr. Grange, by Mr. Cope, A.R.A.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Illustrated Magazine.

"This Company is deservedly celebrated for their unique reproductions of the finest pearls which, for purity of colour, skin, and lustre, are certainly not equalled by any other firm."

Hearth and Home.

"It is certainly a fact that no jeweller in London has more beautiful designs than the Parisian Diamond Company, whose premises are at 143, Regent Street: 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade."

The Gentlewoman.

"The designing, the mounting and setting, together with the perfect finish, of the Parisian Diamond Company's work, raise their exquisite productions in artistic merit as far above the generality of imitation jewellery as is the finest diamond work itself."

Truth.

"The rarely-beautiful and artistic gem-work of the Parisian Diamond Company has met on all hands with the approval which it so thoroughly deserves."

Scottish Life.

"Pearls that look so beautiful that I can hardly believe they are not real."

The Lady.

"The Parisian Diamond Company numbers among its clients European Royalties and many women of title."

The Whitehall Review.

"The Parisian Diamond Company has discovered the secret of presenting pearls whose purity and lustre equal anything sought after in the rocky depths of the ocean."

The Lady's Realm.

"One of the most beautiful collarettes consists of seven rows of pearls of medium size, with slides of very fine Louis Quinze designs inserted with turquoise, and fastened with a beautiful clasp of the same."

The Lady's Pictorial.

"Moreover, quite apart from any question of monetary value, it is a delight to wear them, for no more exquisite designs and wonderful workmanship could be lavished on gems even were they worth a king's ransom."

Madame.

"Dainty to a degree in their fine artistic settings, the beautiful pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company have justly gained a world-wide reputation. Among these ornaments there are collars of the famous pearls which have been brought to such perfection by the Parisian Diamond Company, and now that fashion has decreed that pearls and diamonds must be worn in lavish profusion, everyone owes a debt of gratitude to the Parisian Diamond Company."

Myra's Journal.

"At all times one is certain to find something novel at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments, and just now there are many charming little jewels, all of which are characterised by that perfection of workmanship and elegance of design for which the Company has always been noted."

Mrs. Aria.

"Happily we live in the times of the Parisian Diamond Company, when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder, and the more vulgar desire to wear something of supreme worth may yield place to sincere appreciation of the beautiful."

The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"To me it is a wonderful reflection how the public taste has been educated to this jewellery, which is not an imitation, strictly speaking, but artistic and refined reproductions of gems in less expensive fashions than our prodigal Mother Nature can so far yield them to us."

St. James's Budget.

"I have seen some of the Parisian Diamond Company's corsage brooches in lovely Renaissance designs, with pearl pear-shaped drops all transparently set with ribbon bows of diamonds, that might have nestled in the perfumed Valenciennes of a Louis Seize belle."

The Illustrated London News.

"... What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company who can say?"

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."

The Sketch.

"For evening wear I notice that most of the best dressed women now generally possess, moreover, a Diamond-Slided Pearl Collar, which, by the way, is a great Spécialité of the Parisian Diamond Company, and admittedly the most becoming jewel a woman can wear."

The Court Journal.

"The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls and other gems are marvellous, while they are set with a refinement which shows that in this branch of the jeweller's art the Company is unrivalled."

Black and White.

"The Parisian Diamond Company is quite the place to visit by all who have an appreciation of the beautiful and the refined."

The Mail and Express.

(NEW YORK.)

"... But everything that one sees at the Parisian Diamond Company's establishments is instinct with good taste and perfect workmanship."

The Queen.

"The pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company now hold a recognised position in the fashionable jewellery of the day."

The World of Dress.

"Jewels of real beauty, grace, and elegance."

Modern Art.

"Apparently the limit of resourcefulness, in the way of novelty and elegance, has not yet been acknowledged by the Parisian Diamond Company."

The Ladies' Gazette.

"The dazzling display of the most exquisite ornaments meets one's eye on passing either of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, the Head Branch of which is at 85, New Bond Street."

The Kent Argus.

"The famous pearls, the spécialité of this Company, are a veritable dream of soft milky whiteness, no two alike, but changing ever and anon into tender iridescent gleams, or a lovely sheen, thus defying even an expert to detect them from their costly prototypes."



ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

The Ladies' Field.

"The exquisite gem-work, which has been for so long associated with the name of the Parisian Diamond Company, seems to grow season by season more and more beautiful."

"With an enterprise and ingenuity which are little short of marvellous, the Parisian Diamond Company continue to produce one lovely new design after another, until one begins to wonder whether their powers of artistic invention are absolutely inexhaustible."

Vanity Fair.

"I hear that pearl collars go better with this sort of gown than any other ornament, a fact that makes the Parisian Diamond Company most busy, for their pearls are, as you know, perfection; and they must have someone supernaturally clever in design at their houses, for I never saw anything more perfectly done than the clasps and slides of Diamonds and other stones mingled with the pearls."

85, NEW BOND STREET, W.; 143, REGENT STREET, W.; 43, BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.

(Opposite Marshall and Snelgrove's.)

(Facing Liberty's, Chesham House.)

(Burlington Gardens End.)

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S SOLE ADDRESS in BOND STREET is No. **85** (opposite Marshall and Snelgrove's.)

ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

Canon Winterbotham, of Holy Trinity, Edinburgh, has resigned his charge, owing to ill-health, and expects to leave Scotland towards the end of the year. Canon Winterbotham is one of the ablest writers and preachers in the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Lord George Hamilton, defending his appointment in India, says that Dr. Welldon, the Metropolitan of India, "was the first scholar of his day, is a man of the highest intellect, and as a writer, speaker, and preacher, has scarcely an equal in our Church. But he is a Low Churchman."

Bishop Wilkinson, of St. Andrews, formerly Bishop of Truro, has been on a brief visit to Cornwall, and preached there to a crowded congregation in the cathedral. The Bishop said that the work which God had given him to do in his northern home, though full of joy and interest, was in some respects peculiarly difficult, and needed more especially the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

It is suggested that the age for the diaconate should be lowered to twenty-one. An experienced London vicar says he has found a young deacon preferable to a priest for his curacies, because a young man, coming fresh to the parish as a deacon, brought with him his first full flush of zeal and energy untouched by Time's rude hand, and twenty-one is just about the age when zeal and energy begin to burn and require the guiding hand and continued oversight of a spiritual superior.

The Church Missionary Society repels a charge of presenting the brighter side of missions and suppressing the other because they believe that people will not contribute to foreign missions unless they are gratified with stories of success and progress. Mr. Eugene Stock says: "So far from always presenting the brighter side of missions and concealing the darker side, we have over and over again



LUXURY OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING: NEW FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE ON THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN.

dwelt upon the latter, and warned our readers against too optimistic a view of the missionary results. It is quite true that the society's missionaries have not always approved of our selections from their reports, and our comments thereon, but this has been quite as often because we have failed to present the brighter view as because we have emphasised it."

Last Sunday was observed as "Hospital Sunday" in London. At St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended the morning service in state. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. B. Dover, Rector of Malden.

dant opportunities of testing the comfort of railway travelling in such luxurious new carriages as the one we depict, as well as of judging of the celerity and safety with which this pioneer line of English railways is worked by a devoted staff. The excursion-party of Engineers was well looked after by Mr. F. W. Webb, Mr. R. Turnbull, Mr. G. Wales, Mr. Skipworth, and Mr. Price Williams.

The notable band of excursionists had some valuable statistics communicated to them. Thus they learnt that the L. and N.W.R. Company owns 2900 miles of lines, and the same huge number of engines, and employs an army of no less than 99,100 men.

UP-TO-DATE
TRAVELLING.

Queen and peasant alike must appreciate the increasing comfort of railway travelling. One can take train at Euston for Liverpool, enjoy a good dinner on the journey, and by the time the second cigar is finished glide into the busy port on the Mersey. Similarly, it is by reason of the facilities offered by the theatrical touring department of the London and North Western Railway (a department well managed by Mr. Wright) that M. Coquelin, fresh from France, is enabled to achieve in this merry month of June a dramatic *tour de force*, if the pun may be permitted, and delight a succession of provincial cities with special matinee performances of the popular romantic play of "Cyrano de Bergerac," of which he is the bright particular star.

Probably nobody could gauge more accurately the vast improvements effected on the London and North Western Railway than the Society of Civil Engineers, to the members of which was recently extended a most hospitable invitation by the directors of this great company. They were conveyed from Euston to Crewe and back in a special train; they were sumptuously entertained; and they had abundant

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (ADJOINING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.) LTD.

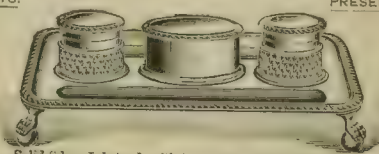
SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



Solid Silver Cigar Lighter, Ash Tray, and Cigar Rest Combination, £1 17s. 6d.



Solid Silver Mounted Cut Glass Scent Bottle, £1.

WEDDING
PRESENTS.

Solid Silver Inkstand, with two Bottles and Wafer Box, Length, 8 in., £6 10s.

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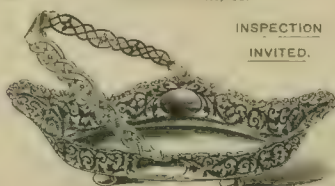
Solid Silver Flower Bowl, complete with Netting. Diameter 3 1/2 in., £1 5s.

AWARDED
SIX GOLD
MEDALS.

New Design. Rept. No. 321,360. Solid Silver Tea-Caddy, £1 15s.

SELECTED PARCELS OF GOODS
FORWARDED ON APPROVAL.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have through this means the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London Stock, containing all the latest NOVELTIES, which are not obtainable in Provincial Towns.



Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Cake Basket, £6 15s.

INSPECTION
INVITED.

WEDDING PRESENTS

The Goldsmiths Company's Show-Rooms contain a Magnificent Stock of

NOVELTIES IN SILVER

Specially suitable for Wedding, Complimentary, and Christmas Presents; and every intending Purchaser should inspect this Stock before deciding elsewhere.

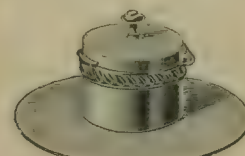
ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES A FIRM MODERATE CASH PRICE.



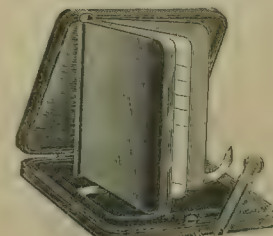
New Design. Solid Silver Mounted Table Mirror, with Elaborately Pierced Border, £3 5s.

INSPECTION
INVITED.

Solid Silver Sovereign Purse and Bank Note Case Combination, £2.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
NOT TO BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

Solid Silver Inkstand, on Silver Plate. Diameter 4 in., £2 12s. 6d.



New Patent Pocket Book, Solid Silver Back, with Silver Pencil, £2.

NEW ILLUSTRATED
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AND PRESENTS LIST
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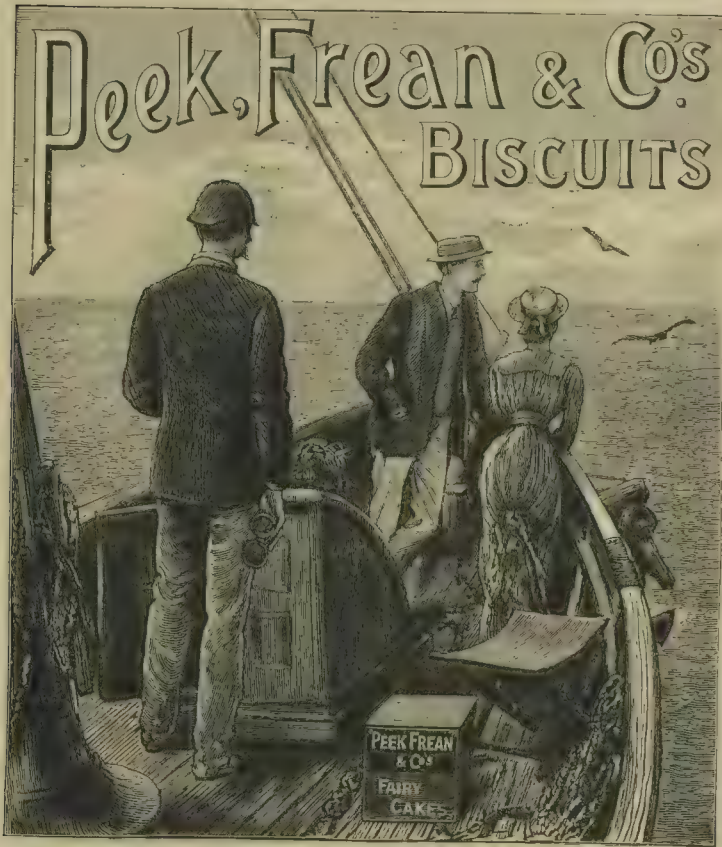
New Floral Design. Solid Silver Richly Chased and Pierced Cabinet Frame, £2.



New Design. Solid Silver Salts Bottle Case complete, £1 1s.

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Telephone: 3729. The GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company
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In Several Varieties, made by
PEEK, FREAN & CO.,
are proving a GREAT SUCCESS.

Attention is Invited to the following—

CREAM SANDWICH BISCUITS.

Sandwiched with a Layer of Lemon-flavoured Cream.

FLORENCE WAFER.

Sandwiched with Coffee, Lemon, or Raspberry Cream.

NEAPOLITAN WAFER.

Pink Wafers, Sandwiched with Two Layers of Lemon Cream.

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Finger Shape, Sandwiched with a Preparation of Chocolate.

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Finger Shape, Sandwiched with Coffee, Lemon, or Raspberry Cream

CHERRY WAFER.

Finger Shape, Sandwiched with Cherry Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THEM.

SAFE
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FOUNTAIN PEN.

One twist of the wrist opens it for filling; another twist and the gold nib comes up out of the ink chamber ready to write when touched to paper.

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DREWS' NEW
'GRANDE VITESSE'
TRUNK.

The Ideal Trunk for
Lady's Use.

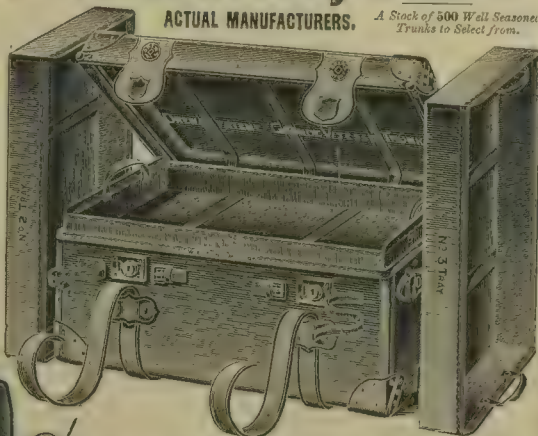
Easy of Access, Crushing
entirely avoided, Dresses, &c.
being packed in separate
trays. All sizes in Stock made
of DREWS' PATENT WOOD
FIBRE, and covered in dark
brown Waterproof Sailcloth,
OR in Solid Ox Hide.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

The Lightest and
Strongest Trunks are
those made of Drews'
Patent Wood Fibre.

ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS.

A Stock of 500 Well Seasoned
Trunks to Select from.



DREWS' NEW HAT AND BONNET CASE.

Feathers and Trimmings cannot get crushed or damaged when travelling.
Hats are pinned with Bonnet Pins on Soft Wicker Cones. NO METAL.
CLAWS OR CLIPS USED. Cases are strongly made and covered in
dark brown Waterproof Sailcloth, bound Leather; Leather Handle on
Top, good Brass Lock, &c., including 6 Wicker Cones, and 12 Special Hat
Pins. Size No. 5, 24 in. long by 17 in. wide by 14 in. high, holds 6 Hats
comfortably; price, 39/- Same Case, covered Ox Hide, £3. 6s. 6d.

Cheques should accompany Orders by Post.

DREW & SONS,

Actual PATENT 'EN ROUTE' TEA DRESSING BAGS &
MAKERS OF AND LUNCHEON BASKETS FITTED CASES.



Mülhens' Rhine Violets

Mülhens'
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AND THE
"4711"
Eau de
Cologne

Used since 1792.
1", 2", 3 1/2", 4 1/2", 5 1/2",
12 1/2", &c.
Original Case of 6, 12 1/2" post free.

3/-, 5/6, 9/-, & 20/-
per Bottle.

The enjoyment of the Finest Perfumes in the World rests on the power of the memory to
carry these two watchwords only, '4711' for Eau de Cologne, and 'MÜLHENS' for
every other perfume.

Of all first-class Dealers in Perfumes, or direct from—
MÜLHENS' 4711 DEPOT,
62, New Bond Street, W.

"4711" Eau de Cologne

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1896), with three codicils (dated Aug. 1 and Oct. 15, 1897, and May 13, 1898), of Mr. Walter Scott, of Ryedale, Weybridge, who died on March 14, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Mary Anne Gordon Scott, the widow, Percy Macgregor King, Henry Bagnall Deane, Q.C., and Frederick William Agnew Scott, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £223,938. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Murray; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Carthew; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Eliza Gordon Scott; annuities of £250 each to his sons Frederick William Agnew Scott and Francis Robert Gordon Scott; an annuity of £100 to his brother James Scott, and his wife, and the survivor of them; and £100 each to his executors, except his wife. Having already settled £15,000 each upon his daughters, Mrs. Ada Gordon Pearse and Mrs. Ethel Gordon King, he makes no further provision for them. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 7, 1896) of Mr. Henry Wakefield, of 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, who died on April 18, at 35, Mall Road, Hammersmith, has been proved by Charles Henry Bennett, M.D., and Alexander Nelson Radcliffe, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £119,433. The testator bequeaths £750 to William Brown Heagerty, £300 to Charles Ernest Hollingsworth;

£100 to the Benevolent Fund of the Society of Civil Engineers; £1000 to Sir Charles Hutton Gregory; £750 to George Lancelot Eyles; £100 to Alexander Nelson Radcliffe; and legacies to inspectors and clerks in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves between Charles Edward Goodfellow and Charles Henry Bennett, and in the event of their death in his lifetime then to their respective children.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1898), with two codicils (dated Feb. 2 and March 5, 1899), of Mr. John Beynon, J.P., D.L., of Trowern, Whitland, Pembrokeshire, who died on March 7, was proved in London on May 29 by Edward Eaton Evans, Gilbert David Harries, and Albert Harries, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,368. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Beynon; £1500 each to his nephews David Garrick Prothero and Edward Schaw Prothero; £350 to his niece Muriel Catherine Prothero; £4000 to his nephew Francis Frederick Lewis Prothero, and £100 each to his executors. He devises and gives certain lands and farms in Pembrokeshire and Carmarthen to his nephews Frank Prothero and Baldwin Brydges Prothero, subject to the payment of rent charges of £350 per annum to his wife, and of £200 each to his sisters, Mrs. Ellen Augusta Prothero and Mrs. Catherine Marianna George. All other his real estate he settles on his nephew Godfrey Evan Prothero, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, with the expression of

his wish that the tenant, for life, of such estates should adopt the name of Beynon and quarter the arms of Beynon and Pugh with those of his family. All his plate and pictures are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the trusts of his settled property. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephew Godfrey Evan Prothero.

The will (dated March 18, 1899) of Mr. Thomas Sowler, of the Cedars, Didsbury, chairman of Messrs. Thomas Sowler and Sons, Limited, proprietors of the *Manchester Courier*, who died on April 4, has been proved in the Manchester District Registry by Harry Sowler, the brother, and Ernest William Jordan, the executors, the value of the estate being £84,273. The testator bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Annette Beatrice Sowler, during her life or widowhood; £250 each to his executors; and subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1898), with a codicil (dated Dec. 24, 1898), of Mrs. Emily Clowes, of Holly Hill, Bowness-on-Windermere, Westmorland, who died on March 26, was proved on May 26 at the Carlisle District Registry by Percival Charles Elgee, the nephew, and Archibald Hamilton, M.D., the executors, the value of the estate being £52,775. The testatrix gives £4000 each, upon trust, for her nieces Lucy Ann Marshall Bell and Caroline Marion Mollie; £8000, upon trust, for her niece, Florence Caroline Rosher Marshall; her pictures, books, plate, and jewels to her three sisters; £100 each to her executors;

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SUITES OF APARTMENTS OR SINGLE ROOMS MAY NOW BE BOOKED, ALSO EN PENSION.
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PHILLIPS'S

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HER MAJESTY'S POTTERS
AND GLASS MANUFACTURERS.

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22,
MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.
AND
27, Cannon St., & 43, Broad St., E.C.

**WEDDING
PRESENTS.**

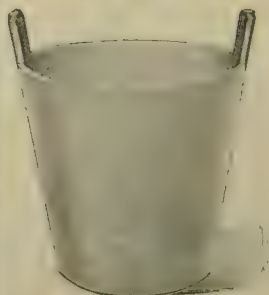
**BREAKFAST SETS.
LUNCHEON SETS.
DINNER SETS.
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TEA SETS.
GLASS SETS. TOILET SETS.**

Samples of Services on Approval Carriage Paid.

TO CONSUMERS OF TEA ABROAD.

THE Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO., Ltd., 21, Mincing Lane, London, beg to state that the Company's delicious Teas, Direct from the Growers, are despatched abroad to any part of the world from their own Bonded Warehouse under Her Majesty's Customs

Special Licence, at Quotations which include all charges for Bonding, Shipping, Packing, Insurance, Foreign Duty, and Carriage. It is notorious that exorbitant prices are charged Abroad for most inferior Teas, which are quite undrinkable by those accustomed to the choice qualities supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company. Consumers of Tea on the Continent and Abroad should write for Samples and Price Lists; sent free.



ICE-PAIL.

In Iced Glass.

6-inch
6 1/2-inch



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BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS, LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES DUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

£100 each to Colonel John Copley Wray, Dr. Anthony Newman, and the Rev. Edward Packe Stock, Rector of Windermere, for such purposes in connection with St. Martin's Parish Church as he may select; her house, Holly Hill, to her deceased husband's nephew Francis Clowes; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves as to one third each, upon trust, for her three sisters, Eliza Fanny Elgee, Caroline Mary Finch, and Sarah Maria Caye-Brown-Caye, and their respective children.

The will (dated May 31, 1895) of Mr. Myles Birket Foster, the eminent water-colour painter, of Bracside, Weybridge, who died on March 27, was proved on June 4 by Mrs. Frances Foster, the widow, John Postle Haseltine, and Lancelot Thompson Glasson, three of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £30,537. The testator gives £200, his wines and consumable stores, and the income, for life, of his residuary estate to his wife. On her decease he leaves all his property to his children, Myles Birket Foster, Henry Foster, William Foster, Mrs. Margaret Ann Strelinski, and Mrs. Ellen Glasson, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel William Salmon Mills, late of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of the Junior Army and Navy Club, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on May 27 by William Burton Saville Mills and Miss Elizabeth Janet Johnstone, the executors, the value of the estate being £13,924. The testator gives £100 each to his godsons, William Gordon Pallowfield and William Longley Mills; and his furniture and household effects and £100 each to his executors. The

residue of his property he leaves between the children of his brother.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Aug. 9, 1888) of Sir Robert Joshua Paul, Bart., of Ballyglan, Waterford, who died on May 9, 1898, granted to Sir William Joshua Paul, Bart., the son, one of the executors, was resealed in London on June 2, the value of the estate being £8325. Under the powers of his marriage settlement he appoints the sum of £3000 to his younger children, Robert Gun Paul, Anne Isabel Paul, and Susan Marianna Paul. Subject to a gift to his son Robert, he leaves all his property to his son William.

The will and codicil of Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., of 3, Russell Road, Kensington, who died on April 22, were proved on June 2 by Colonel William Place Warburton, C.I.E., and Burleigh Cecil, the executors, the value of the estate being £4517.

The will of Mr. William Sherwood, of Linden, Craven Road, Reading, who died on March 18, was proved on May 29 by Mrs. Harriett Sherwood, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate amounting to £5067.

The will of Mrs. Harriet Fowler Billing, of 1, Tilehurst Villas, Sion Hill, Bath, formerly of The Firs, Englefield Green, who died on March 21, has been proved by Miss Claudine Margaret Billing, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £2993.

The will of Mrs. Marion Lovina Mackeson, of 13, Hydo Park Square, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on May 17 by Lieutenant Joseph William Wilkins, R.N., the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £1802.

ON THE BROCAS: A VIGNETTE.

She was as fresh as may-blossom, and that was very fresh on this the Fourth of June, for all the flowers of spring had been held back by the cold winds; but now that the summer had burst upon us, was there ever such magic on the boughs?

She stood under a hawthorn gazing at the river. The tree was full of bloom, and made a frame of flowers around her dainty face. I could not help looking at the picture—her eyes of Eton-blue, her pure pink cheeks, her honest English smile. Such was her vignette, framed appropriately by the sprays of may-blossom out of which she peered.

I had no idea who she was. But my thoughts were vaguely upon my own daughter, gone now, poor child! to join her mother in a garden where the flowers bloom for ever—a garden where I shall meet them both again some day as soon as it pleases God.

Whatever my thoughts were, I looked upon the tranquil face in the vignette, and wished with a half sigh that my boy Jack had met such a sweet creature as this, whoever she was, instead of falling in love, as I heard he had done—the blockhead!—with somebody else.

There was a rustle in the crowd, and someone called her "May." The tear that had been in my heart came to my eyes then, for May had been also the name of my own dear child.

So is it wonder that I, an old man, followed her with my gaze as she skipped away from the hawthorn-bush to join the folk who called her? She was a fair thing, all grace and daintiness, in something soft and feathery, and

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

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SAPPHIRES, OPALS, TURQUOISE,
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FINAL NOTICE.

Closing July 1st.

The Proprietors of **MELLIN'S FOOD** are offering the very substantial prizes enumerated below to the persons obtaining by July 1st, 1899, the greatest number of names and addresses of parents whose children are being fed or have been reared on **MELLIN'S FOOD**. The lists must be clearly written out on foolscap paper, on one side only and 12 names to a page, and must be duly signed by the Vicar of your Parish, or other Minister, or a Justice of the Peace.

FIRST PRIZE

awarded to the sender of the greatest number

£100

Second Prize - **£50**

Fifth Prize - **£15**

Third " - **25**

Sixth " - **10**

Fourth " - **20**

Seventh " - **5**

and 25 other Prizes of **£1** each.

Lists to be sent not later than July 1st, 1899, to

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"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)

Our own make of High-Class ENGLISH LEVERS, 3-poise Movement Chronometer Balance, fully Compensated for all Climates, Adjusted for Positions, and Bréguet Sprung to resist jarring and friction. Jewelled in 13 Actions and on end stones of Rubies. Warranted Good Timekeepers. Strong 18-carat Gold or Silver Cases. London Hall Marked.

CATALOGUES FREE.

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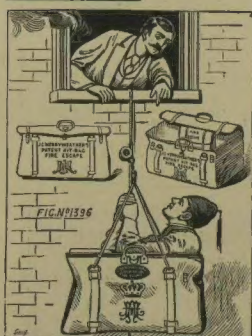
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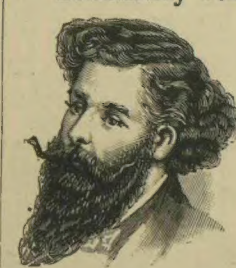
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'Harlene' for
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Arrests the Fall.
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EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

fitted here and there with her parasol in the blue, like a white butterfly, and so was gone.

An old Etonian myself, I had left my city parish for the celebration, because my son—my only boy Jack—had been doing great things at Eton not only in his Greek and in music, but in the school sports also. So I came down to see the young rascal stroke his boat in the procession, and to give him a good wiggling, too, for some scrapes he had been getting into, of which Dr. Scrooby had only written me on the previous day. But, confound the boy's impudence, I found him grown an inch taller than myself; he had shot up like asparagus, though he was broad, too, for his years, and altogether so handsome and modest and well-mannered that I hadn't the heart to give him the talking to he deserved just then.

I was watching the boats, with their emblazoned silk flags, which cast a thousand splendours into the cool reflections and green softnesses of that blue mirror, the Thames, but was most intent on my boy, who was in the *Dreadnought*, admiring him in his uniform, and thinking how well he looked with the crown of flowers upon his hat, and how gay all the midshipmen were in their white jean and bouquets, when I heard a singularly sweet voice behind

me whispering something of admiration about Jack. I turned to look in the crowd about me, where the boys' sisters and cousins stood, and I fancy I recognised again the girl whose friend had called her May. But I took little notice of her now, for I was intent upon finding my son.

When at last I saw him, he was administering repeated strawberry ices to a young lady in Professor Tiltotson's carriage, and as he was so well engrossed I let him alone to get a cup of tea for the Archbishop's niece. I was glad to see my son polite and attentive to the Professor's party, for I may remark that the scrape into which he had blundered was no less serious than an entanglement which, Dr. Scrooby wrote me, he feared might result even in marriage. Fancy, marriage! This mere schoolboy!

It may be imagined, then, that I was not a little relieved when I saw my boy so occupied with the lady in Professor Tiltotson's carriage, and I cherished the hope that his scrape had been the result of a mere passing whim.

Well, I left Jack to himself and his strawberry ices, pleased that he was in such good company, for not only is Professor Tiltotson a perfect Greek scholar, but his family is four centuries established and very solid folk in their county. I got the cup of tea I had been seeking, and had

quite a long chat with the Archbishop, not upon the Church crisis, a topic of which I believe his Grace is as heartily tired as I am, but about my new translation of Lucian, in which he has shown himself as true a critic as everyone knows him to be a scholar, when turning my head, who should be at my elbow but the young lady of the vignette, the heroine of the dainty fate that had peered out of the frame of hawthorn-blossom—she whose people had called her May.

Her hand rested on my boy Jack's arm. How pretty she was in her blushes!

And there, right before the Archbishop, that young scamp had the precocious audacity to present to me his future wife, May Tiltotson.

"Jack!" I scolded, "when I was at Eton, a boy would have been birched for even thinking of matrimony."

But, taking Miss Tiltotson's trembling fingers in mine, I thought it was with very tender accents that I added: "Upon condition, Sir, that you succeed at the Varsity as well as you have done at school, you may deserve even so fair a prize as this."

And in the presence of his Grace I kissed the brow of my daughter-to-be.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS to
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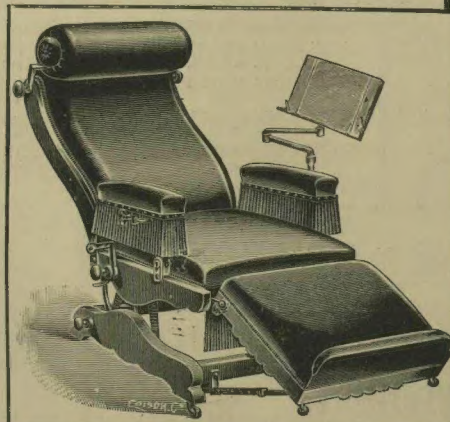
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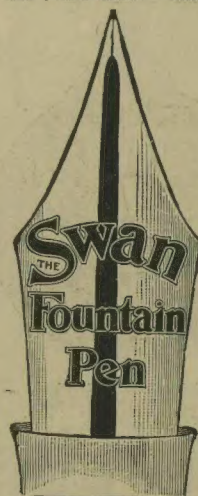
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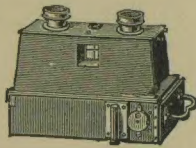
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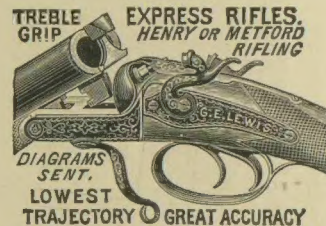
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The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West-End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Curlers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mr. Nokes, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" both on the top and on the box. The present edition of Oulton's "Hinde's Wavers," Nos. 18, 19, 20, a well-specified toilet-table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be a present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening culture can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queensdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, **Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.**

A RAMBLING CHAT.

The sporting proclivities of the Bench and Bar are as strong as ever, and the fine weather is only too attractive. Why, even Justice Kekewich, like the late Lord Esher, is partial to a little racing in a mild kind of way. But Justice Hawkins (Lord Brampton) carried his interest into the very interior of his business. In that pleasant room of his, now tenanted by Justice Grantham, how often did his Lordship point to the portrait of Lord Dartmouth with as much respect as did the Prince of Denmark to that of his lately poisoned parent! One misses much the sight of Lord Brampton as every morning he drove up in his hansom to the gates, where his small clerk stood waiting for him. But there are Judges nowadays who even descend to, or rather ascend on, tramcars. The dignity of equipage is not thought to be a necessary concomitant of wigs and ermine greatness.

It was Lord Chief Justice Coleridge who drove the last yellow-painted brougham into the Law Courts quadrangle; and now Judges smoke briar-root pipes in the street.

The Lord Chancellor occasionally mounts a bicycle, though possibly not so often as formerly. As a rule, nowadays, the short and stalwart head of the Bench, when on duty at the House of Lords, walks every morning from his house in Ennismore Gardens to Westminster. Yet, if so far partial to the open air, Lord Halsbury does not in the least affect the semi-Bohemian farmer habit of Justice Lawrance. Oddly enough, although the Lord Chancellor

has so much the aspect of a *bon vivant*, he is in reality exceptionally abstemious, neat, and, to use the *fin-de-siècle* cant phrase, well groomed. Still, it is seldom he appears in Society, unless, Lady Halsbury being in ill-health, he acts as chaperon to his daughter, Lady Eveline.

Apropos of Judge-dress, Justice Kekewich can boast of being the least fastidiously dressed Judge next to Justice Lawrance. But then his Lordship by no means aims at being an Admirable Crichton. Even as a golf-player he makes no claim to adding any particular lustre to that royal game. There is even a dark tradition that he has before now stood on a billiard-table and tried to "put" the pockets. Yet his Lordship should have some sporting tendencies. A daughter of the grand old Mrs. Buck married into the noble House of Kekewich—Mrs. Buck, of Hartlands Abbey, Kingsley's Harty Point, whose pair of greys were the best in London, and who rode in the Row when an octogenarian.

The new departure recently taken by enterprising railway companies merits the widest recognition. Not only are townfolks well posted as to seaside lodgings to let, but they are informed at the same time of eligible farmhouses to be had for the summer holidays. This is the object-lesson of a useful new guide issued (for twopence, post free) by the superintendent of the North Eastern Railway at York.

One of the last remaining towers of Hadleigh Castle, Essex, which commands such a grand view of the Thames

estuary, is likely to come to the ground. The castle was once held by the famous Hubert de Burgh. It is now held by the famous General Booth. The clash of the harness of the men-at-arms is changed for the chinkle of the tambourine of the Salvation Army maiden. Laid siege to by encircling brickfields, the colony's huts and sheds and somewhat indifferently kept market-gardens, the old ruin still holds its own as a quaint landmark in the progress of the ages. To the weakly sentimental it seems to be somewhat a matter of regret that something cannot be done to save the historic stones from tumbling down into a shapeless cairn to mark the burial of bygone romance. The view from Hadleigh is far finer than that from the gardens of Rochester Castle, which fortress was also held by the mail-gauntleted Hubert. The fine slopes of the Essex stronghold could be converted into charming pleasure-grounds. But the age is commonplace, and the entourage of a Salvation Army camp is seldom of the picturesque order. In years ago, the Barons hotly beset the lord of Hadleigh; now the only fighting going on has been an action before Justice Cave on the part of the fishermen and yachtsmen of Leigh as to the right of mooring on the foreshores. "Pharaoh is sold for balsam, Mizraim cures wounds": the ancient forts of Benflete and Leigh, which were once commanded by the frowning towers of mighty Hadleigh, have fallen into the hands of the plot-splitter, and, as haunts of romance, will as soon pass from our memories as they are passed by the torpedo-catchers on their way from the Medway to Gravesend.



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